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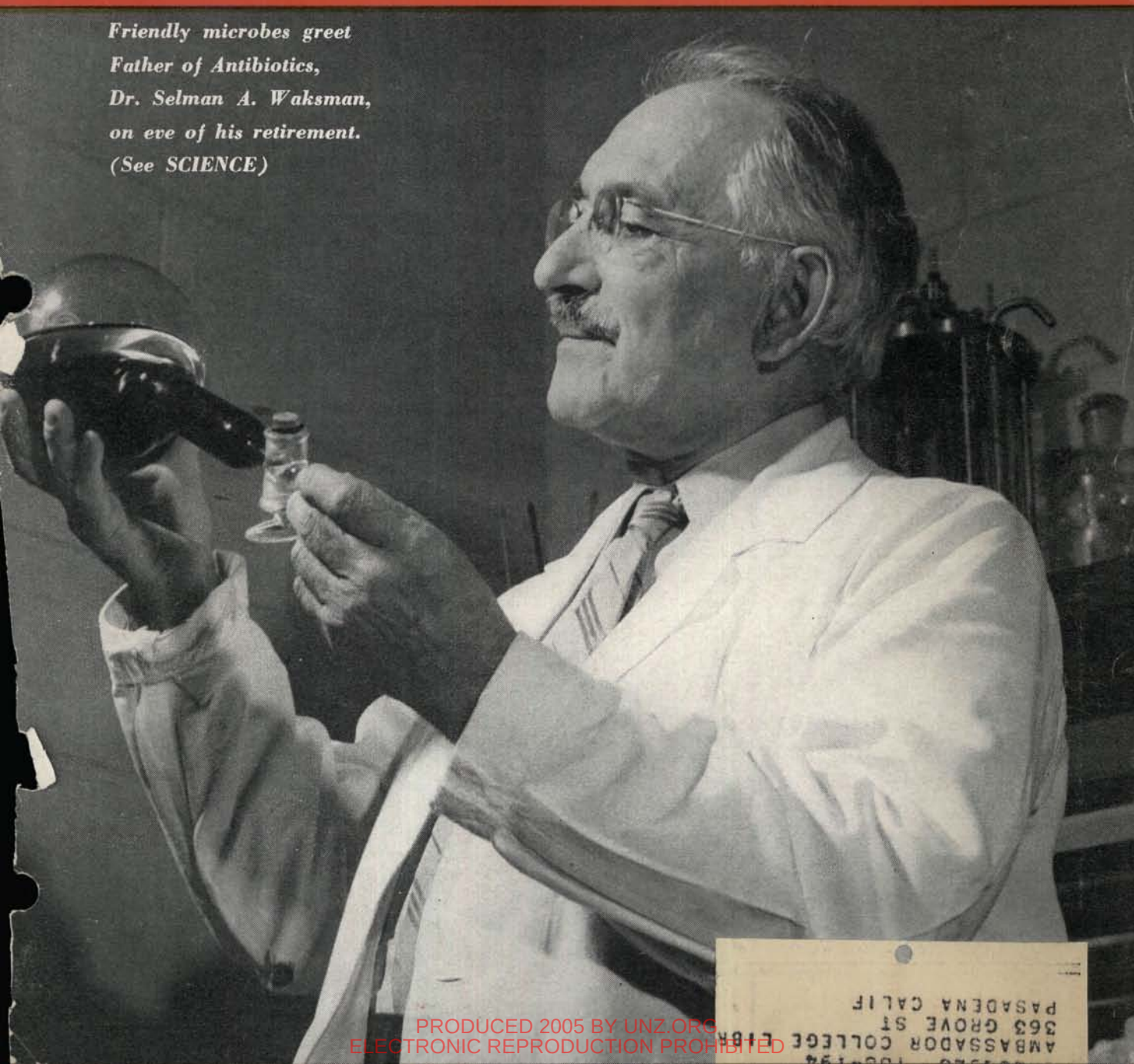
Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 6, 1958 / 25¢

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

COMING TO TERMS WITH THE COSMOS By Harlow Shapley

THE NIGHT THE SENATE DIDN'T "SURRENDER" By Richard L. Neuberger



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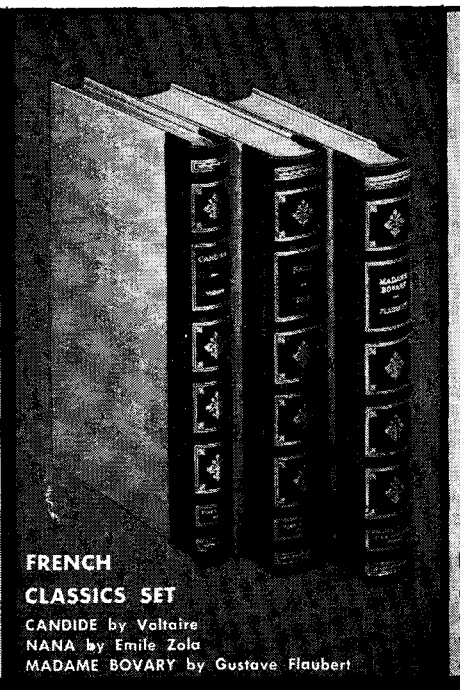

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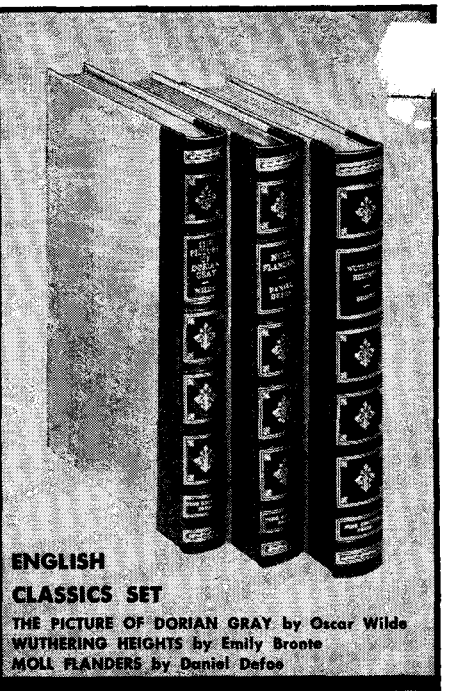

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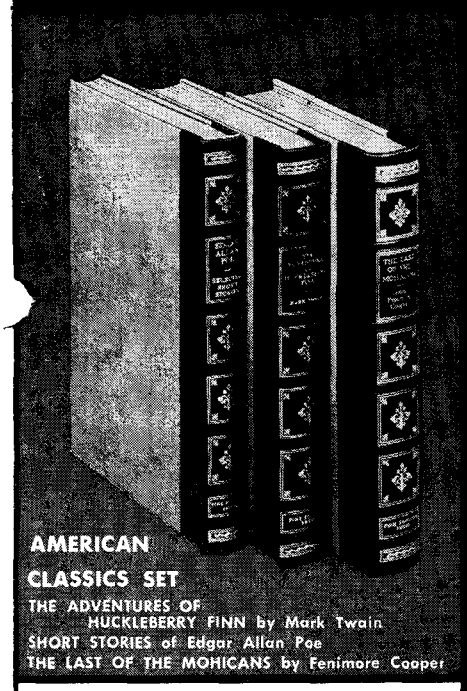

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The Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 6, 1958

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SR/IDEAS

13 The Revolution in Bohemia, by Robert Dunavon

16 The Night the Senate Didn't "Surrender," by Richard L. Neuberger

24 Beyond the Beginning: An Editorial

51 Coming to Terms with the Cosmos, by Harlow Shapley

SR/BOOKS

17 Literary Horizons

18 The Idea of Freedom, by Mortimer Adler
Reviewed by Lyman Bryson

19 Irrational Man, by William Barrett
Reviewed by John Wild

20 Doctor Zhivago, by Boris Pasternak
Reviewed by Harrison Salisbury

21 The Eighth Day of the Week, by Marek Hlasko
Reviewed by Waclaw Jedrzejewicz

23 The Great Secession Winter of 1860-1861 and Other Essays, by Henry Adams, edited by George Hochfield
Reviewed by Earl Schenck Miers

35 Words Are Stones, by Carlo Levi
Reviewed by John H. Secondari

36 Wai Wai, by Nicholas Guppy
Reviewed by Ivan Sanderson

38 The Greek Philosophers, by Rex Warner; Athenian Democracy, by A. H. M. Jones
Reviewed by C. A. Robinson, Jr.

40 The Southern Heritage, by James McBride Dabbs
Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels

SR/DEPARTMENTS

6 First of the Month

10 Trade Winds

10 Literary I.Q.

26 Letters to the Editor

27 Music to My Ears

28 *SR* Goes to the Movies

29 Broadway Postscript

32 TV and Radio

33 Booked for Travel

37 Literary Crypt

45 *SR* Research for September

59 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 12

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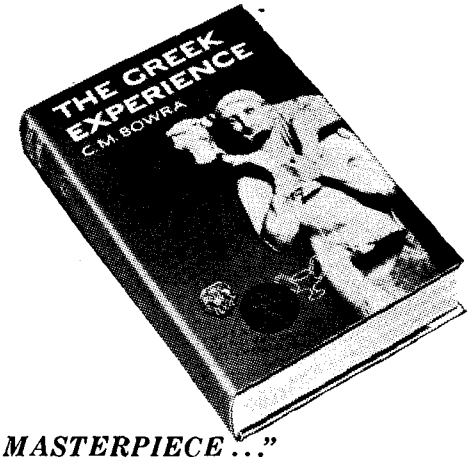

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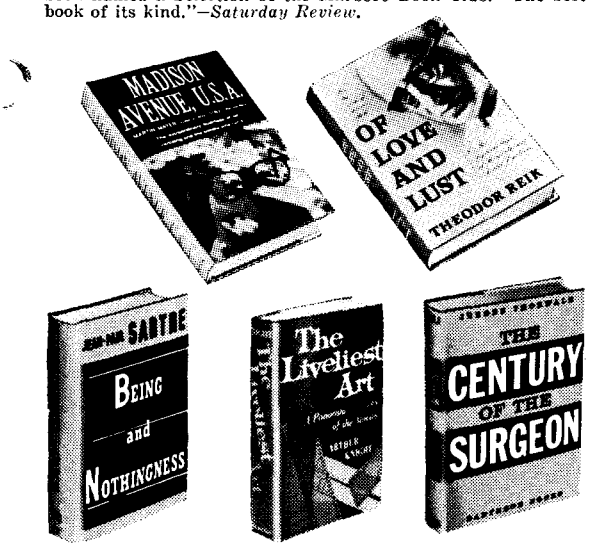

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FOR some nine summers now the Lake Tarleton Club in Pike, New Hampshire, under the direction of The Family Jacobs, has put on what they call "Cracker Barrel, Americana," and what Mr. Sutton has called "Tennyson, Anyone?" But seminars on the lively arts conducted on the Tarleton lawn weren't by any means the whole story at the club this year, for out on the Tarleton links, there was Golf, Anyone. In fact, on the 473-yard 15th hole, a record was made which will undoubtedly stand for some time for any club to shoot at. All four members of a foursome shot, without any putts conceded, birdie fours. The foursome, we impatiently add, included us.

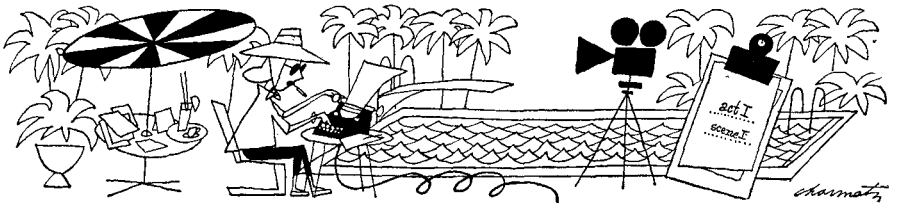
One author who did not make Pike but who nonetheless flew into New York's Summer Festival for a brief visit with us was none other than the winner of the Pulitzer prize for drama last spring.

The award was, on the surface of things, an unlikely one. It went to a young lady who had been writing for many years but who had written only one previous play, *Mr. Sycamore,* an unsuccessful adaptation, in 1942, about a man who wanted to be a tree. ("This twig," said the late Wolcott Gibbs, "can only be bent so far.") Furthermore, although she had written two books, *Hold Back the Dawn* and *God's Front Porch,* neither of them had aroused either popular or critical enthusiasm, and, both before and after them, she had spent her time as an advertising copywriter and columnist ("Feminifties"), as a fan magazine ghoster ("I *Have* to Be Envious" by Joan Crawford) and even as a true confessioner ("The Private Lives of Burlesque Queens") which she wrote under the pseudonym, of which she was inordinately proud, of "Anita Kilore."

Eventually the young lady had become a scenario writer, but her screen credits, most of which were "partials," were, generally speaking, so obscure that she herself, let alone other people, had difficulty recalling them, and in any case she did them, sitti beside a swimming pool, on an electric typewriter, connected by one of IBM's longest umbilical cords to one of Hollywood's most showy showplaces. Finally, just to complete the picture, which was assuredly a "B" one, the young lady was married to a Hollywood agent, a former lightweight boxer, who numbered among his clients Miss Elizabeth Taylor, Miss Audrey Hepburn and Miss Maria Schell, but who knew, as he himself put it, few "private people."

Beneath the surface of this picture of Mr. and Mrs. Kurt Frings, and particularly of Ketti Frings, there was more than meets, as Hollywood might put it, the "I." For one thing, Ketti—her real name is Katherine but some time ago she adopted her husband's pet name for her—once personally got a bill through Congress to allow her husband, who was German-born, to enter the country, and they have since been married twenty years. ("We're not the oldest married couple here," she says, "but we're the oldest continuously operating in which both partners operate careers.") For another thing, although the chief *motif* of their house is to bring the outside in—the impression is that it is *all* glass—Ketti's own favorite room is one which has no windows at all, only a skylight. ("You can't look out," she says. "You have to look in. It's a darn good thing, too, not only for writing but for everything else.")

For still a third thing, about five years ago, Ketti, who is so sensitive that she either laughs or cries at the slightest provocation—and "sometimes," adds her producer, Kermit Bloomgarden, "when there is no provocation"—had a nervous breakdown. Looking back over her life, she realized that although she had always been, as her husband still calls her, a "work bum," she had actually accomplished almost nothing. Born in Columbus, Ohio, the daughter of a paper box salesman who died a few years ago and a mother who died when Ketti was 13 (to whom she



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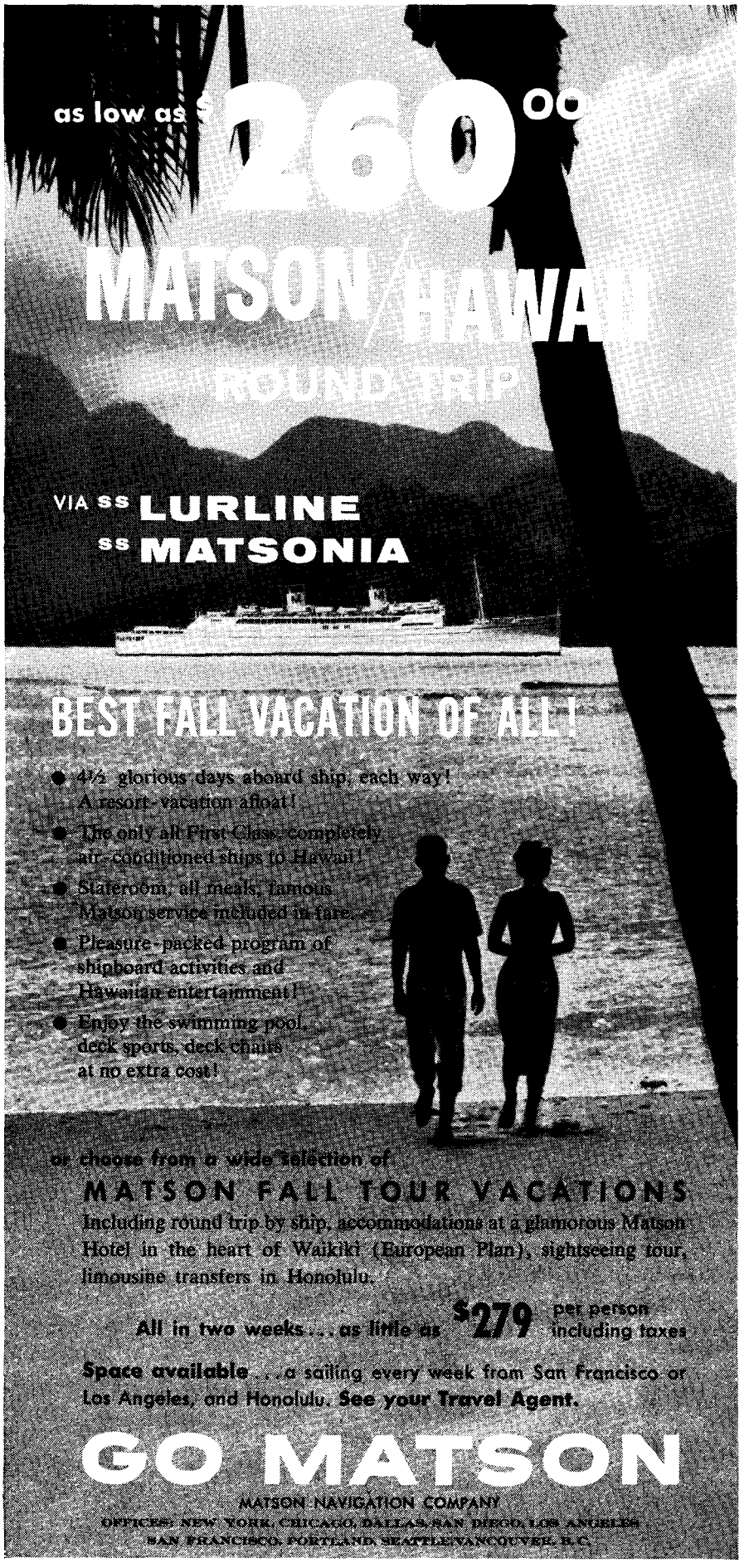
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wrote, every day, for years afterward, a diary), she had not only experienced poverty but also homelessness. ("No matter where we lived," she says, "my father was always commuting somewhere else.") She wanted to write another play, but she did not dare. She had never even been able to send out a manuscript which had once been rejected. ("My husband kept telling me, 'Look at flowers. *Everybody* likes them, but one person likes one, another another,' but I just couldn't see it like that.") Then, with the encouragement of her best friend, actress Mildred Dunnock, who describes her as "the most empathetic person I've ever known, perhaps not creative but so recreative—that quality some women have—that it doesn't make any difference," Ketti began, timidly but persistently, to undertake the dramatization of Thomas Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel.*

Wolfe himself had often tried unsuccessfully to dramatize his own work, and that Ketti Frings succeeded, where he failed, was due, Ketti believes, ironically enough, to her own previous failures. "I am a curious combination," she says, "of ambition and shyness. First I worked to have things other people had, and then I worked because I had to have something besides things. Anyway there was an innate something in Wolfe. I never met him—I just missed him twice, at parties—but I had the typical writer's crush on him. The play enabled me to write about my own family relationships as well as his. I made Wolfe in my own mind my collaborator. It kept me from thinking it was just me. I had weird experiences. I'd be looking for something in that wonderful giant book and I'd open it up and there it would be. Now I'm not afraid any more—that's the real reward of success—you're not afraid to expose yourself. But I originally started writing to get the things I didn't have, and that's what worries me about kids today—even my own kids. They all either have those things or expect other people to give them to them."

* * *

It would be an impossibility even to attempt to answer and thank the hundreds of people who have written in (see sampling on Letters Page), many of them several times, about a chess column. We had correspondence from the editor of *Chess Life,* the editor of *Chess Review,* the Chief of Publications of the Library of Congress, and even one man from Mahopac, N. Y., who wanted, besides a column on chess, a column on "Go." Suffice it to say that victory seems in sight. Chess be patient.

—CLEVELAND AMORY.

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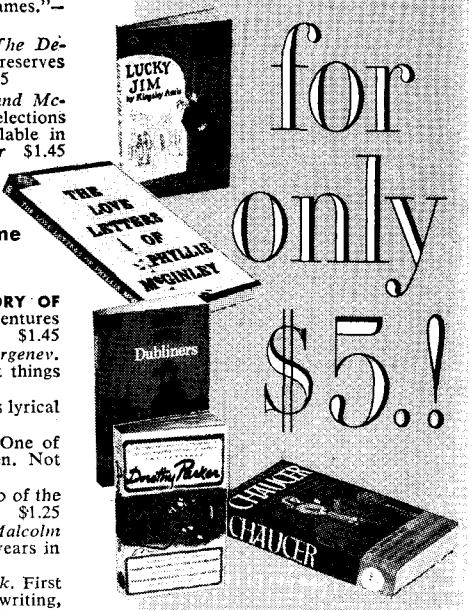

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TRADE Winds

DOUBLEDAY'S RECENT anthology "The Comic Tradition in America" brings together in one delightful volume everybody from Benjamin Franklin to Finley Peter Dunne. But it highlights one unmistakable trend in humor: stories in dialect have had their day. Today's humor must be brief, clear, and overwhelming. We no longer take the time to idle over the language of Davy Crockett or T. P. Thorpe. Stories and anecdotes must be as sharply-honed as a push-pull razor blade.

YOU CAN BLAME A lot of this on ex-Trade Winds' Bennett Cerf. He can pack an anecdote into less space than an upper berth—and make it pay off like a drawing room.

We got to talking with him about how jokes originate. No sooner does one national event of any importance take place, when a dozen jokes spring up about it. They seem to be new—but are they really?

"Short jokes seem to come about by a chance remark, more than anything else," Cerf said. "The remark might be entirely unintentional. But it makes someone laugh. If that someone is a natural-born story teller—the joke is already off to a good start.

"Longer jokes usually have their source in an event which actually happened. Again someone laughs. Again it's repeated—perhaps with a detail or two changed. By the time the fifteenth persons hears it, the story has become buffed and polished to the point where you'd never recognize it."

GRAPHIC PROOF of this has been shown on the Jack Paar show, on NBC-TV. Paar will tell a joke to a guest in English. The guest will pass it on to a third in French. The third will pass it on to another in Spanish. The Spanish spokesman will repeat it back in English—a totally different story.

Even experienced TV gag writers are not altogether certain of the origin of jokes, however. Vinnie Bogert, a top gag writer for CBS-TV, speculates that a joke usually starts with something serious.

"If it's something too serious," he says, "you can't touch it until time elapses. Let a couple of months or years go by—and it's quite possible you can use the joke. In general, though, news items offer the best raw material for jokes and stories. For instance, the day after the Russian dog went up in Sputnik II, there must have been fifty new jokes born about it in our office alone.

"One thing I'll always wonder at is the speed with which jokes travel. put together one quick joke one day . . . told it to a friend over at NBC . . . and a CBS man from the West Coast stepped off the plane that night to bring the joke back to me. These telephone tie-lines to the coast leave nothing sacred."

Gil Fates and Ira Skutch, both TV producers, agree that jokes come from life—and then become exaggerated. When they become exaggerated just the right amount, the true life story becomes a full-fledged joke.

"But in general," Skutch goes on to say, "I think all new jokes are just switches on old ones."

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN believes in honest advertising—so much so that they described a recent book by T. L. W. Hubbard—"A Baton for the Conductor"—as "a ridiculous novel."

His response is a masterpiece of articulate anguish:

"I am cut to the quick. My heart bleeds secretly. My gizzard is slit. Oh God! Oh Montreal! Does not America know yet, does it not KNOW that humour is the most serious thing in the world? Our BBC comedians assure us in nightly interviews of the grave view they take, of the vast responsibility they feel towards their public, nay, to the world at large. But does not America know *la portée sociale* of humour? A RIDICULOUS NOVEL. That is how you describe this fruit of blood and sweat, this distillation of the wisdom of years and study, this quintessence of a lifetime's (well, nearly) experience. Oh Houghton! Oh Mifflin! Oh America!"

ANOTHER DISTRESSED AUTHOR, this one American, takes umbrage with the criticism that he brought too much sex to bear in his novel "Westering," a story of the Oregon Trail (World Publishing.)

"Dammit," says novelist Irwin Blacker, "just because Parkman and Lewis and Clark kept sex out of their journals doesn't say it didn't exist. Many reviewers think of cowboys as they did in their youth—blissfully kissing their horses and riding off. The American cowboy has been pictured as the most sexless animal since the flanged wheel. That's nonsense Are cowboys any different from sailors? Even TV's Launcelot Earp and Maverick Galahad are beginning to kiss their girls instead of their horses, and it's about time.

"We seem to have created a West-

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

GATEWAYS TO PHILOSOPHY

Herewith are the opening sentences of ten great classics of philosophy or comparable works. Rachel Blau of New York City asks you to identify them and their authors. Answers on page 39.

1. Man is born free; and everywhere he is in chains.
2. Good sense is, of all things among men, the most equally distributed; for everyone thinks himself so abundantly provided with it, that even those who are the most difficult to satisfy in everything else, do not usually desire a larger measure of this quality than they already possess.
3. He that followeth me, saith Christ our Savior, shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.
4. There is one mind common to all individual men.
5. I went down yesterday to the Piraeus with Glaucon the son of Ariston, to offer up prayer to the goddess, and also from a wish to see how the festival, then to be held for the first time, would be celebrated.
6. Great art Thou, O Lord, and greatly to be praised; great is thy power, and thy wisdom infinite.
7. In whatsoever mode, or by whatsoever means, our Knowledge may relate to objects, it is at least quite clear, that the only manner in which it immediately relates to them is by means of an intuition.
8. The example of my grandfather Verus gave me a good disposition, not prone to anger.
9. Moral philosophy, or the science of human nature, may be treated after two different manners; each of which has its peculiar merit, and may contribute to the entertainment, instruction, and reformation of mankind.
10. The first step in our understanding must be to set forth what is to be understood by the term "king."

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ern myth in the nature of King Arthur, and we're afraid to distort it. I claim the sex in my book about the West as normal; the Western legend and myth, abnormal!"

IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE that bankers have hearts, read the sign in the window of the Manufacturer's Trust Company on Fifth Avenue.

It reads, in part:

"Requiem for Three Trees: Despite our best efforts, the three trees growing on our Fifth Avenue frontage languished and finally perished. It's tough—if you are a tree—to get a foothold on Fifth Avenue . . ."

IF THERE WAS ANY question at the beginning of this column about where jokes begin, there is little question about where they end: in the college humorous magazines.

At one time, we were an editor of the alleged humorous magazine on the campus, and we accidentally unearthed several copies in the cellar recently. Here's a sample sprinkling:

Who was that ladle I seen you with last night?
That was no ladle, that was my knife.

Did you go to Princeton?
No, I was kicked by a horse.

Do you know Joe Smith?
No, what's his name?
Who?
Joe Smith.
Never heard of him.

What do you think of bathing girls?
I don't know—I never bathed one.

Before we put the copies quietly in the furnace, we had at least discovered one thing: old jokes don't fade away; they die in college humor magazines. —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
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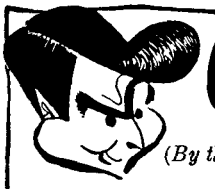
ELICK MOLL:
SEIDMAN AND SON

You want to talk to a real capitalist, it's the fellow who owns his own two-ton truck and does hauling for the township, or he's got a tractor, or a combine, or a lathe, or maybe a fix-it shop. Are *they* capitalists! They give the Wall Street guys cards and spades.



On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and "Barefoot Boy with Cheek.")

THE PLEDGE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

Today's column is directed at those young female undergraduates who have recently pledged sororities and are worried, poor lambs, that they won't make good. Following is a list of simple instructions which, if faithfully observed, will positively guarantee that you will be a mad success as a sorority girl.

First, let us take up the matter of housemothers. The housemother is your friend, your guide, your mentor. You must treat her with respect. When you wish to speak to her, address her as "Mother Sigafoos" or "Ma'am." In no circumstances must you say, "Hey, fat lady."

Second, let us discuss laundry. Never hang your wash on the front porch of the sorority house. This is unsightly and shows a want of breeding. Use the Chapter Room.

Third, meals. Always remember that planning and preparing meals for a houseful of healthy girls is no simple task. Your cook goes to a great deal of trouble to make your menu varied and nourishing. The least you can do is show your appreciation. Don't just devour your food; praise it. Exclaim with delight, "What delicious pork jowls!" or "What a yummy soupbone!" or "What scrumptious fish heads!" or "What clear water!"

Fourth, clothing. Never forget that your appearance reflects not just on yourself but on the whole house. It was well enough before you joined a sorority to lounge around campus in your old middy blouse and gym bloomers, but now you must take great pains to dress in a manner which excites admiring comments from all who observe you. A few years ago, for example, there was a Chi Omega named Camille Ataturk at the University of Iowa who brought gobs of glory to all her sorors.

Camille hit on the ingenious notion of suiting her garb to the class she was attending. For instance, to English Lit she wore a buskin and jerkin. To German she wore lederhosen and carried a stein of pilsener. To Econ she wore 120 yards of ticker tape. Her shiningest hour came one day when she dressed as a white mouse for Psych Lab. Not only her Chi Omega sisters, but the entire student body went into deep mourning when she was killed by the janitor's cat.

Finally, let us take up the most important topic of all. I refer, of course, to dating.

As we have seen, the way you dress reflects on your sorority, but the men you date reflect even more. Be absolutely certain that your date is an acceptable fellow. Don't beat about the bush; ask him point-blank, "Are you an acceptable fellow?" Unless he replies, "Yeah, hey," send him packing.

But don't just take his word that he is acceptable. Inspect him closely. Are his fingernails clean? Is his black leather jacket freshly oiled? Is his ukulele in tune? Does he carry public liability insurance? And, most significant of all, does he smoke Marlboros?

If he's a Marlboro man, you know he's a lot of man. You know he has taste and discernment, wit and wisdom, character and sapience, decency and warmth, presence and poise, talent and grit, filter and flavor. You will be proud of him, your sorority will be proud of him, the makers of Marlboro will be proud of him, and I will be paid for this column.

Camille hit on the ingenious notion...

© 1958, Max Shulman

* * *

The makers of Marlboro wish to announce that Mr. Shulman has been paid for this column and will continue to be paid for bringing you his homely philosophy throughout the year.

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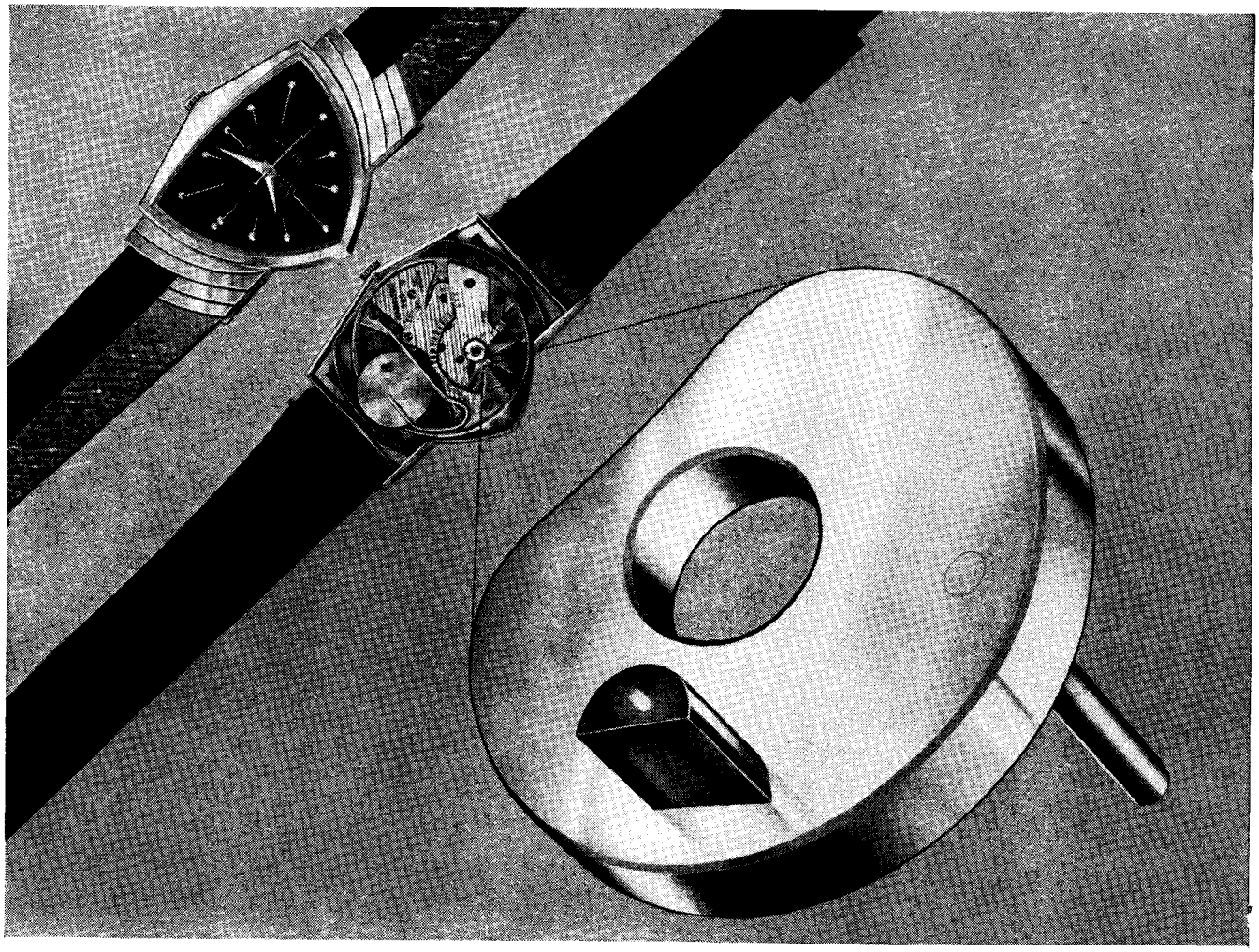

The indexing roller carries a half-round sapphire jewel which engages the index wheel teeth. It serves also to lock the balance wheel when the stem is pulled out.

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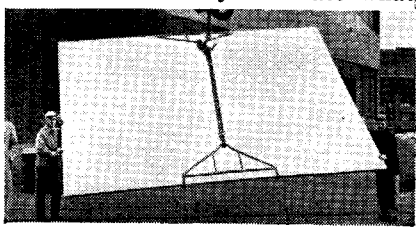

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The Saturday Review
SEPTEMBER 6, 1958

—*Photograph by Louis Faurer from "The Family of Man" (Simon and Schuster).*

THE REVOLUTION IN BOHEMIA

Defiance and Eccentricity No Longer Enliven the World Where Artists Express Their Individualism

By ROBERT DUNAVON

A GENERATION ago young men or young women with an artistic bent were also likely to be possessed by the yen to be a "Bohemian." And what's more, they said so. Today it is pretty hard to find anyone at all who will come right out and admit to such a description. A social revolution of sorts has taken place in that Limbo world.

In trying to discover the extent of this revolution I have made the discovery that few persons can any longer agree on what the term means; certainly dictionary definitions no longer seem to apply. *Bohemia* is defined in the Reader's Encyclopedia, for example, as, "Any locality frequented by journalists, artists, actors, opera-singers and other similar characters." What has become of such "characters"? The average newspaperman today is a part of the "communications industry," and he is the very picture of middle-class respectability. Actors have deserted the place for suburbia. And as for the opera-singers: Bohemia to them is an off-key word.

Things were not like that at the golden turn of the century when George DuMaurier's *Trilby* was a run-away best seller. It sold for $1.75 in 1894 when $1.50 was considered top price for a novel. Book stores couldn't stock enough copies to supply the demand for a good story set in the Bohemia of Paris. It was awarded that ultimate of accolades: a sausage was named for it. Not long ago a housecleaning in the St. Louis Public Library brought to light no fewer than four hundred well-thumbed copies of *Trilby*. And as late as the giddy Twenties, Robert W. Service was still able to stir free spirits with his *Ballads of a Bohemian*. By 1924, however, the reaction was beginning to set in; Louis Golding's *Seacoast of Bohemia* sold well, but it was, significantly, a parody.

Today if a social historian wants an idea of what the sophisticated American thinks of the Bohemian he need only examine the cartoons in the *New Yorker*, where the Bohemian has degenerated into a ridiculous, slightly paranoiac bum. Actually, the portrait of a true Bohemian is a good deal more subtle than that. I would say that the Bohemian might be defined as a person who feels a compulsion to lead a life that is the complete antithesis of the unhappy one he was made to lead as a child.

Now, many persons are moved by this compulsion but not everyone be-

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—*Feingersh (Pix).*

Maxwell Bodenheim—who for decades reigned as the Poet Laureate of Greenwich Village. Tall, gaunt, eccentric, he spawned and spanned the era of all-night drinking bouts, free love, frequent arrests, and scandals. Still, together with Sandburg, Pound, and Masters he played an important role in the revolt of the Twenties with its vital and lasting effect on American literature.

comes a Bohemian. The Bohemian is one whose protest has followed a specific configuration, involving the symbols of artistic creation, which has been built up by the literature of the past two centuries. (The true artist, whose origins are often identical with those of the Bohemian, follows this configuration more out of convenience than the Bohemian's neurotic compulsion.)

But what happened to the Bohemian? Why is he no longer a conspicuous member of the art world?

In the first place, the Bohemian's attitude of rebellious defiance which was once so unique and, to some, so shocking, has been made to look like routine schoolboy stuff by comparison to the doings of present-day juvenile delinquents and café society. The Bohemian finds it difficult to shock anyone these days. His antics are anticlimactic. Certainly his art no longer startles. The Armory Show of 1913 caused a near riot; the American premiere of Antheil's *Ballet Mechanique* in 1930 was sensational. But nothing the Bohemian can do now will raise an eyebrow.

Furthermore, the general flight to the suburbs has produced in the average suburbanite the very alienation from society—and from himself—for which he used to castigate the Bohemian. The would-be Bohemian who has also moved to the suburbs or the outlying art colonies is drearily preoccupied with his own isolation and singularity.

In the city he was once assured of the inspiration of museums, galleries, libraries, and bookshops. By casting aside the city as the spiritual center of culture the Bohemian abandoned a heritage which goes back to the taverns of Elizabethan London and of the later coffee houses that brought together men like Addison and Steele, and Johnson and Boswell; he left behind any further hope of achieving what once burst from the salons of royal Paris, and the cafés of its republican times; he rejected the citadels of the exciting groups which once flourished in Boston, Chicago, and New York.

The traditional role, as well as the props and the scenery, of the Bohemian have been taken over by a new group: the *avant-garde* (sometimes called the *highbrows,* sometimes the *Upper Bohemians*). Someone, probably Max Beerbohm, once defined the Bohemian as a person who uses objects for what they were never intended. It was an apt definition because only the Bohemian would think to use a wine bottle to hold a candle, a brandy snifter for a fish bowl, or an orange crate for a bookcase. In Beerbohm's younger days the Bohemian had a near monopoly on this kind of eccentricity. Today, however, the *avant-garde* has encroached on these Bohemian prerogatives. The use of Chinese irons for ash trays, and milking stools for cocktail tables are all a part of *avant-garde* "casual" living. The Bohemian doesn't stand a chance against this kind of competition.

Probably all men are slaves to some dead philosopher. The Bohemian's attitudes were largely dictated to him by Jean Jacques Rousseau, who died in 1778. Rousseau has been the Typhoid Mary of the philosophical world. His doctrine of "the natural goodness of man unsoiled by civilization" provided the germ by which the spoiled children of each subsequent generation have justified their behavior. He spread notions already prevalent that "the noble savage" led an ideal existence free of the social obligations, conventions, and stifling conformity of his own highly cultured society. He was responsible for the "love of nature" and romanticism that was to dominate nineteenth-century art and literature. By 1830, the Romantic Movement was in full swing, and the young artists of Paris were looking about for objects, ideals, and images to call their own. They took up the vogue for the gypsy.

The gypsies have always had a strong appeal to the imaginative Europeans. They first appeared in Europe in the fifteenth century and they accepted whatever local name was given to them without knowing or caring what it meant. In the Netherlands they are known as *Heidenen* (heathens) and in Egypt as *Harami* (robbers). The Germans called them Hungarians or Tartars. When a tribe of them first arrived at the gates of Paris, by way of Bohemia, in 1427, they struck the French as being a crowd of rather unsavory characters, and they were not allowed to enter the city. The French called them Bohemians.

It was during that period usually referred to as the Industrial Revolution—the period extending roughly from 1750 to 1850—that the gypsy, or Bohemian, configuration of romantic images and ideals was adopted as a rationale by those persons who had been made to feel that the recent changes in society had left no place for them. The early Bohemians often went in for the brigand hat, the red sash, and cape; they discarded the neckband. The gypsy's impassioned style of music was the jazz of the period. The configuration suited the neurotic malcontent because it afforded him a theatrical means by which he could exhibit his rebelliousness and his defiance of convention; it provided a form for his restlessness. And, at the same time, it suited the true artist because the unfortunate truth was that he actually had become something of a left-over.

For this was the age of Rationalism and the quantitative method. Whatever was measurable or quantitative was real; all else was unreal and therefore beneath serious consideration. Spectacular achievements in biology, chemistry, and physics gave credence to the theory that the physical sciences could solve all the world's problems. The resultant materialism fostered a strong prejudice against

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feeling and emotion; those affections were thought to stand in the way of cold reason and clear understanding.

Thus, in a world where intuition and emotion came to be disparaged as minor attributes of human nature, art, too, was disparaged. From the ancient period when art was expected to improve on nature by delineating forms of ideal beauty, to an intensely religious period when art was employed to impress the beholder with striking images and strong cadences, art had provided people with a common set of symbols of their inner feelings, it served as a constant reminder of their ideals and their aspirations. But now the only ideal was money; the only aspiration was for power.

Art was relegated to the function of ornament and recreation; and the artist found himself sharing the same category with society's misfits and parasites. And, when a person feels he has no place in society he rebels. The juvenile delinquent of the 1950s has adopted the configuration of the outlaw. The artist, and the would-be-artist of that era chose the gypsy.

Less than a century separates Henri Murger's 1848 novel *Vie de Boheme* from Cyril Connolly's *The Rock Pool* of 1936. By then the only evidences of Romanticism in Bohemia were the left-over symbols: the bizarre studio, the oddments converted to a different use from which they were intended, the shaggy hair, and the vagabond life. World War I had given Rousseauism somewhat the same stimulus the French Revolution had given it. The surrealism of the Twenties was not merely a contrivance designed to gain attention; surrealism was an alarmingly accurate reflection of how people of sensibility felt about a world gone awry. Cultures that were even more primitive than the gypsy's were searched for and found in Africa and the Pacific Islands. To replace the pale primitivism of gypsy music a truly savage expression was found in jazz.

In the meantime the Romantic Movement in America had disclosed the frontiersman, a "noble savage" indeed, whose restless wanderings were enough to satisfy any gypsy-like instincts. The frontiersman and his brother, the sourdough, with their anti-social ways, added their bit to the pattern of the American Bohemian. (The outcome of this can be seen in the present day Bohemian's use of the cowboy's denims, the "lumberjack," the T-shirt, and the sourdough beard.) The break with Europe was beginning.

It was during the Thirties that the Communists took away the last bit of fun that was left in Bohemianism. They heaped ridicule and abuse on the Bohemian because, they insisted, the Bohemian was merely "a middle-class phony" who was pretending to be one of the gentry by aping the upper-class gentleman's freedom from routine and regular work. What the Communist could never afford to admit was that his own ideas on "class struggle" and his own Jacobin anarchism came from the same source as the Bohemian's romantic sensibility.

Communist talk of "class antagonisms," "the down-trodden masses," and the "proletariat," deprived the Bohemian of the essential part of his configuration and left him with nothing but the bleak fact that he was poor. It was the Communist, with his insistence on "social significance" in art, who made the artist feel guilty for any Bohemian tendencies. As it had been in earlier revolutionary times, there was a feeling in the air that the duty of the artist was not to portray the world but to change it. By the Nineteen Forties the rug-pulling was complete; few persons would admit being a Bohemian; and the real artists quietly scattered to work alone. Even the Philistines of Suburbia were better than the Communists.

Looking back on it all, one must give the Bohemian credit for one thing: at least he tried. His intentions were good.

As Irving Babbitt has said, "The establishment of a sound type of individualism is indeed the specifically modern problem." But Rousseau led the Bohemian up a blind alley. From the start his movement of emotional naturalism was tainted with a harmful kind of eccentricity and a defiance that had become an end in itself. It bred the wrong type of individualist—the person who has repudiated outer control without achieving inner control. In our own day this amounts to the fact that the outward form of Bohemianism no longer corresponds to what the contemporary creative personality is trying to do inwardly.

Does this mean then that the Bohemian has disappeared completely? Hardly. As long as Bohemia exists in the minds of artistic people there will always be those who will happily fashion their lives according to the old Bohemian stereotype. Bohemia as a place seems to have shifted steadily westward for the last century. Its latest center is San Francisco. Karl Shapiro was right when he said, "San Francisco is the last refuge of the Bohemian remnant." Just as New York is crowded with refugees from Europe, San Francisco is crowded with refugees from America.

San Francisco has often acted as a weather vane to indicate which way the cultural wind will blow in the rest of the country. If the weather vane is still accurate, it would seem to indicate that two important changes are about to take place in America. The first one is the matter of a climate of creativity: the wind is blowing in a most favorable direction. The second one is a change in the artists themselves. While it is true that a frenetic, old-style, Bohemia is centered in San Francisco, it is significant that in that city there is growing

(*Continued on page* 42)

—Henri Cartier-Bresson (Magnum).

Christian Berard—Known in America for his magnificent setting of "The Mad Woman of Chaillot," he was one of the great stage designers of the French theatre whose Gallic Bohemianism ended with his death in 1949. Close friend of Cocteau, Jouvet, and Barrault, his usually dishevelled figure and bushy, scraggy beard lent ironic contrast to the great beauty of his art.

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The Night the Senate Didn't "Surrender"

By RICHARD L. NEUBERGER,
U.S. Senator from Oregon

THE UNITED STATES SENATE voted in an extraordinary session on the night of August 15 to forbid the use of government funds to pay a person or institution who would ever propose or conduct any study or plan regarding the "surrender of the government of the United States." The rollcall vote was 88 to 2. The two who voted "nay" were Senator John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky and myself. Why?

This proposal, so seemingly plausible and so fervently appealing to patriotic emotions, raises at once five crucial questions:

1. Should Congress undertake to fetter the President and the Joint Chiefs of Staff at all, as to the contingencies they may have to study in an age when hydrogen missiles, striking first, could wipe out 40 million people in an instant?

2. Does not such a proposal imply a lack of faith in our soldier-President and his military strategists?

3. How can the Senate, in an appropriation bill, decide the murky dividing line between studies involving the possibility of purely military surrender, and the surrender of a government which an armed force is defending?

4. Is not the adoption of such an amendment, without one fleeting moment of committee hearings and based on no facts, a capitulation to the very emotionalism and panic, which, if unchecked, could contribute to the downfall of a nation?

5. How many Senators, preoccupied with balancing the budget, satisfied themselves that a "no-surrender" clause in the appropriation bill might be a less expensive way of dealing with our foes than providing more military hardware or a stronger civilian defense against atomic detonations?

The whole distressing episode began when a Senator read into the *Congressional Record* an article by the military analyst of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, declaring that studies were being conducted of possible American surrender in an all-out nuclear attack where American casualties might range from 15 million to as many as 90 million. And so now an amendment has been overwhelmingly adopted cutting off the pay of anybody who makes or even proposes such a study.

Does this mean America is now forever safe from surrender, or does it mean something else? Did it add one missile to our nuclear arsenal? Did it enhance our ability to cope with radiation burns and the sinister touch of fallout? Did it thrust a satellite into the sky? Did it add to the strategic skill of our officers, the training of our soldiers, the knowledge of our hospital staffs?

Or, did it weaken the confidence of free government in itself?

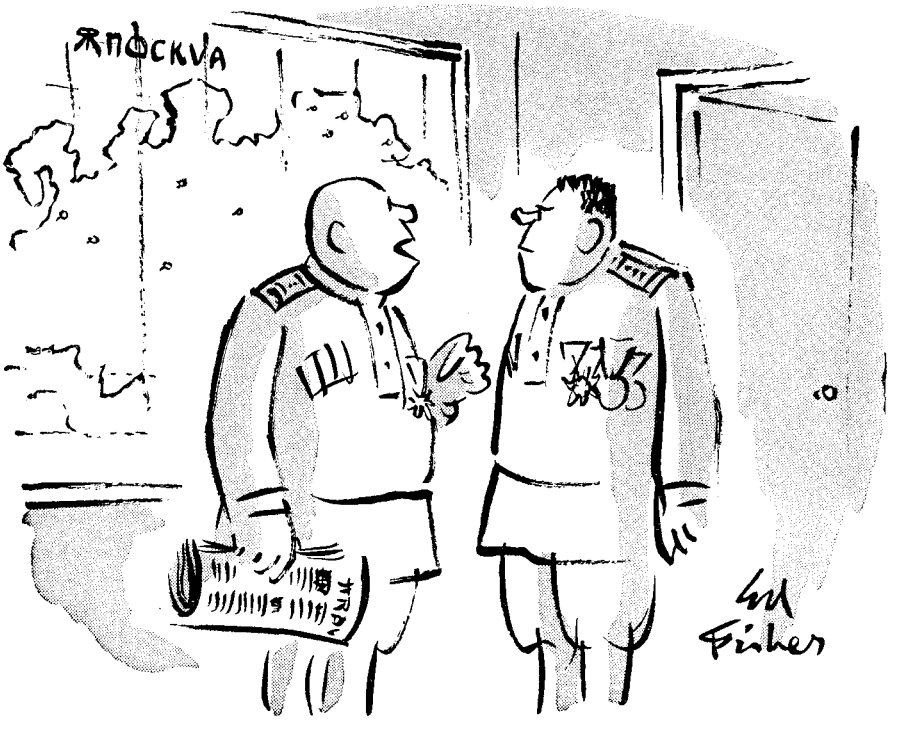
The atmosphere was as tense as any since I had come to the Senate in January of 1955. It may have been my imagination, but I thought many members appeared fidgety and self-conscious. There was a lot of moving about. The Press Gallery was unusually full; even the reporters were somberly quiet. Several colleagues stopped at my desk to enquire if I were determined to go through with my decision to vote "nay." One Senator, a devoted friend, pleaded with me to change my mind. A murmur ran through the gallery when each of two scattered "*nay*" votes was spoken. And when the presiding officer at last announced the roll call result a sigh of relief rippled through the chamber. Thank Heavens that ordeal was over! But, like the phoenix bird, would it rise many times again—and in new forms?

One Senator said, "I wish this amendment had not been offered." Another said, "I think the amendment should have been withdrawn." A third said, "There is no substance whatsoever in the purpose of the amendment." Still another Senator said, "My objection is to the fact that the amendment is offered and directed at the administration of the government of the United States." But all these Senators were among the 88.

Perhaps the President kept his head better than the lawmakers on Capitol Hill. President Eisenhower's press secretary, Mr. James Hagerty, quoted the President as saying, "The whole matter is too ridiculous for any further comment."

A hurried check had shown, long before the Senate voted, that there had been no study of any hypothetical circumstances that might involve a U. S. decision to surrender. The newspaper report had reflected a misinter-

(*Continued on page* 41)



"I think there's a leak in our military planning—the American 'Surrender Study' reads just like ours!"

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LITERARY HORIZONS

The Tragic West

By Granville Hicks

IN HIS prefatory note Oakley Hall acknowledges that both the characters and the events in **"Warlock"** (Viking, $4.95) bear some relation to history and legend, and I have an idea that students of the West will find the relation rather close. At the same time he says that he has invented freely and has tried to make something new out of what happened and what might have happened. "This book is a novel," he asserts, and so it is, one that stands on its own feet.

Warlock, as we see it in 1880, is a raw mining town in some unspecified territory, presumably Nevada. Since it has no legal status and therefore no established government, a citizens' committee decides to reduce crimes of violence by hiring as marshal a man named Clay Blaisedell, who is reputed to have pacified another town in the territory. In the eyes of the committee, the marshal's first duty is to protect Warlock from Abe McQuown, rancher and rustler, and his gang of badmen.

The three most important characters in the novel are Blaisedell, Tom Morgan, and John Gannon. Morgan, Blaisedell's friend, is a gambler, a cynical and ruthless man who has as virtues intelligence, courage, and loyalty to Blaisedell. Gannon, once a member of McQuown's gang, takes on the job of deputy sheriff—the sheriff is in another town many miles away—and tries to administer it honestly. There are also two women: the virtuous Jessie Marlow, who runs a kind of charity hospital for miners and who falls in love with Blaisedell; and the not so virtuous Kate Dollar, once Morgan's mistress, who has reasons for wishing Blaisedell dead. Then there are miners, cowboys, soldiers, merchants, prostitutes, and so on.

The novel moves quickly from violence to violence, as one killing leads to another. In addition to the struggle with McQuown and his followers, there is a strike of miners, with violence on both sides, and Morgan carries out a series of murders on his own. The climax comes when Morgan sacrifices himself for Blaisedell's sake and when Blaisedell shows mercy to Gannon.

The materials of the novel, manifestly, are the materials of the standard Western, but Mr. Hall is probing to find the realities behind the familiar stereotypes. It is not an easy thing to do, for the stereotypes have been long established, as anyone can testify who is old enough to have read the early novels of Zane Grey and Clarence Mulford as they first appeared, old enough to recall the image of William S. Hart—the resolute, deep-set eyes, the calm, thin mouth—on the silent screen. They seem imperishable, these stereotypes, flourishing now on television and in a steady stream of paperbacks.

Yet we know that the violence that is the stock-in-trade of the standard Western did exist, and from time to time it has been made the theme of serious novels. The one I remember best is Walter Van Tilburg Clark's "The Ox-Bow Incident," but there have been others. The mark of the serious novel of Western life is, of course, complexity of characterization. In the standard Western the good men are always and unmistakably good, even when they do things that we have been taught are bad. That is presumably the chief source of the Western's appeal: it permits the reader—or spectator—to participate without moral scruples in acts of violence. Of late, I understand, there has been some blurring of standards in Westerns, just as there has been in mysteries, some fairly obvious glorification of violence for violence's sake, but I think there is usually a pretense of moral justification, even if it is no more convincing than what one finds in the novels of Mickey Spillane.

The killers in "Warlock" are not wanton sadists nor carefree desperadoes nor knights in golden armor. Morgan is the most ruthless, but he is also the most intelligent, and his ruthlessness is a product of cynicism and boredom. His loyalty to Blaisedell, which is all that gives his life meaning, leads him along devious paths to a nobly melodramatic gesture. Far from taking pleasure in his villainy, he is the unhappiest of all the unhappy persons in the novel.

By contrast with Morgan, Clay Blaisedell remains and is meant to remain an enigmatic figure. That he has heroic qualities is felt by almost everyone, and his moments of doubt make him all the more admirable. But he is cast in a role that creates insoluble conflicts. Shrewd Dr. Wagner knows that Jessie Barlow sees him as a man "who had come riding to her one day out of the half-calf and gilt-titled set of Waverley Novels." Jessie's image of Blaisedell, however, is only slightly more romantic than the images formed by other people in Warlock. What Morgan alone sees clearly is that, in the given situation, Blaisedell cannot be the hero he is expected to be, and because he sees this and because he cares what happens, he takes desperate measures to enable the marshal to preserve his self-respect.

Deputy John Gannon is clearer and in a way even more interesting. Revolting against a bloody act committed by the McQuown gang, he tries to find rational standards of conduct. The heroic example of Blaisedell gives him the courage to do what he feels he must do, even when his duty opposes him to Blaisedell himself. What he is he owes to Blaisedell, and in the end he owes life itself, but he comes closer than Blaisedell does or ever could to transcending the limitations of the times.

The times as Hall sees them—and here, of course, "Warlock" differs completely from the standard Western—were deeply tragic. All the more perceptive characters feel this: Tom Morgan in his perverse way, Judge Holloway, Dr. Wagner, and Henry Holmes Goodpasture, a merchant whose journals are scattered through the book and add much to its richness. "Is not the history of the world," Goodpasture asks himself, "no more than a record of violence and death cut in stone?" Violence had become a way of life, and every effort to put an end to it seemed to lead to more violence. Hope, even so much hope as John Gannon managed to keep alive, was a rare quality.

It is Hall's sense of unavoidable tragedy that holds "Warlock" together and gives point to the series of dramatic and even melodramatic actions that it portrays. Of his three earlier novels I have read two—"The Corpus of Joe Bailey" and "Mardios Beach"—and found in them shrewd observations of the contemporary scene. But neither of these novels has the power and the depth of "Warlock." This is not only an important addition to the short list of serious novels about the Western frontier; it is on any grounds a solid and impressive piece of fiction, marking Oakley Hall's growth in imaginative grasp and in craftsmanship.

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What Men Will Die For

"The Idea of Freedom," by Mortimer Adler *(Doubleday. 689 pp. $7.50), is an analytical study of the essential qualities of freedom, as seen in the writings of various philosophers. Lyman Bryson, who reviews the study, is a well-known educator, author, and editor of many books, including "The Drive Toward Reason" and "Freedom and Authority in Our Times."*

By Lyman Bryson

A STUDENT of history might well believe that men would rather fight for freedom than think about it. They listen with restless inattention when politicians and dictators throw the word about with perverse meanings or none at all. When a system hurts, no matter at what point, they think of rebellion. Almost all the great explosions of human violence, even wars of conquest, have been, in one way or another, fights for freedom.

"In one way or another" will do for political action but it will not do for philosophers. Because men value certain conditions so desperately, philosophers have tried to discover what it is that men will die for and, as philosophers will, they have also tried to construct norms for this ideal. Underlying all the bewildered difference of definition there is a basic belief that men can learn to understand their desires well enough to work toward realization and that it is not human destiny to be wholly defeated in the quest. In this sense, all the philosophers, from Plato to Dewey, have been practical, and have been trying to help men recognize freedom when they got it.

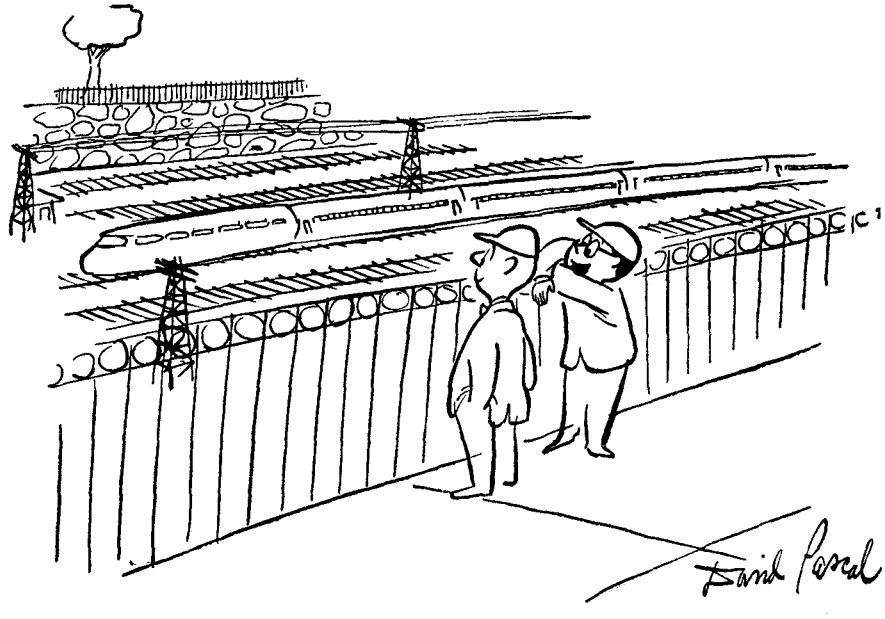
There are deep differences, however, as between those who think that a virtuous man can be free, by reason of his virtue, no matter what outward restraints he may suffer, and those who think that bars do really prisons make and that laws do defeat virtuous impulses. Those who believe that freedom is a state of inner righteousness start no wars and upset no tyrants; those who think that freedom is wholly external may lose even their vision in violence.

The enterprise of which "The Idea of Freedom" is a first public report may seem at first remote from the pragmatic question: how can I be free? Founded six years ago by Mortimer Adler and his associates, the Institute for Philosophical Research undertook to apply a dialectic analysis to the opinions of major thinkers. The idea of freedom was chosen as a first topic to be reported on. The dialectic method, as here used, is no mere comparison of texts. With austerity of purpose and rigorous application, Adler and his companions created the categories into which the elements in all their variety of philosophic examples could be fitted. The discussion does not so well answer the question what does Montesquieu, or Freud, say about freedom, as it does such a question as who has believed that a man is free within the law, even if it is only by chance that he wants to do what the law requires of him? The result is a bracing outline of what has been believed.

The method of the Institute, as Dr. Adler describes it, is "neutral." That is, the creative analysis which roots out the terms and elements of difference among a great number of significant writers on what they call freedom does not imply judgments for or against the doctrines analyzed. Whether or not the example given us in this report succeeds in this philosophical innocence may be another question. Some readers, like myself, will find traces of Platonic realism in the categories and in the discussion of definitions. This is an ancient and powerful tradition and may be the most useful standpoint from which to work, but it is not neutral. Whether or not my statement is true makes no difference in the value of the analysis. Even if a critic went so far as to say that Adler and his companions sometimes confuse judgments of fact with judgments of preference, it would still not diminish the solid structure of the discussion.

THE immense usefulness of this study to professional thinkers is evident. Adler is justified in saying that this is a kind of work which should have been done long ago on every major topic of moral and political philosophy. Its usefulness to the thoughtful citizen depends partly on his appetite for hard work, partly on his pleasure in lucid and awesomely exhaustive analysis, and partly in how much he feels responsible for knowing what he is talking about—and possibly fighting for.

The citizen may find that "The Idea of Freedom" answers a question of immediate practical importance. It will tell him what profoundly earnest and thoughtful men have considered to be desirable social and political conditions, what they thought were the limits of outside circumstance, and also what men could do when they were thwarted in practical action. He can use it to give immediate meaning to the phrases his political leaders are now shouting at him—to safeguard the liberties of his heritage. He may find that there are better ways of establishing good on earth than by fighting for it.



"When I grow up, some day I'd like to operate that railroad, after a long battle involving stock transfers, close proxy votes, and impressive news coverage."

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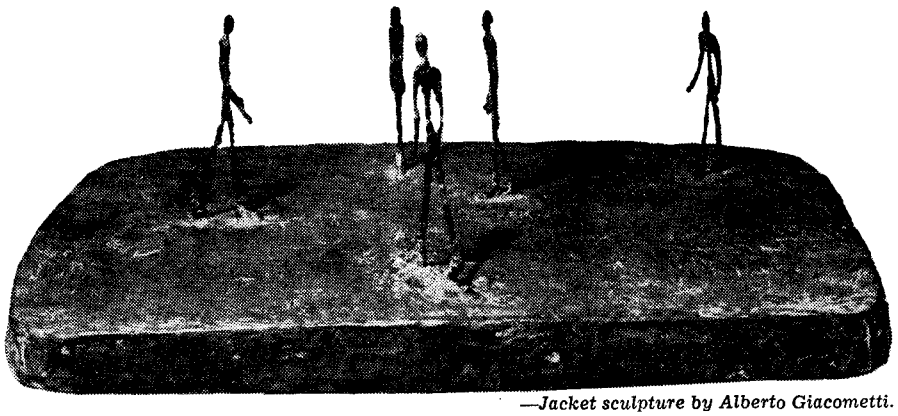

—Jacket sculpture by Alberto Giacometti.

"Our meddling intellect/Misshapes the beauteous forms of things/We murder to dissect."

Recovery of the Sense of Being

"Irrational Man: A Study in Existential Philosophy," by William Barrett *(Doubleday. 278 pp. $4), traces the ideas inherent in existentialism from Plato to Sartre. It is reviewed by John Wild, who is professor of philosophy at Harvard and the author of "Challenge to Existentialism."*

By John Wild

WE THINK of ancient Greece as the time and the place where our Western culture freed itself from the fantastic confusions and contradictions of primitive myth. It was here that the critical and reflective individual appeared in the person of Socrates, and our Western history began. We think of Greek rationalism, first formulated in the systems of Plato and Aristotle, as an initial phase of this history which was later superseded by medieval faith, and the modern age of science. In this suggestive book William Barrett shows that Greek rationalism was much more than just a set of abstract theories. It established a structure of consciousness, an attitude towards life, which persisted throughout our subsequent history, and still plays a dominant role in contemporary life and thought. This attitude turned away from the individual subject and the concrete world in which he exists. Instead of trying to understand the human person from the inside as he lives, this rationalistic attitude was content to regard him from the outside as a thing before the mind, and to fit him into a universe of objects.

In every country of the West men are now becoming aware of the one-sidedness of this traditional point of view and of the dehumanizing of life to which it has led. Do we possess a faculty of reason, as our ancestors supposed, which is semidivine, and through which we may hope to understand ourselves and the human world? Is man really a rational animal? The answer to these questions can no longer be taken for granted, and this uncertainty concerning basic assumptions is now evident in so many spheres of our cultural endeavor that it is rightly called the crisis of our time. The challenge of crisis calls for creative reflection, and a new mode of understanding quite distinct from traditional rationalism is already visible in many fields. In philosophy it is taking the form of what is called *existentialism*, but it appeared long before in the poets, and is now clearly and starkly manifest in modern art.

Mr. Barrett points out that the romantic poets were already rebelling against the abstract intellect which, if universalized, means the death of man. Developing certain suggestions of Whitehead, he shows how many existential insights can be found in Wordsworth. This poet knew that man exists not as an isolated substance but rather as always open to a world in essential relation to him. He also sensed the partial and inhuman way:

> Our meddling intellect
> Misshapes the beauteous forms
> of things
> We murder to dissect.

The author has a genuine understanding of modern art and literature, and he indicates with a wealth of example and insight how they have already gone far beyond romanticism in challenging the rationalist conceptions of cosmic symmetry, and in revealing the absence of man, as he is in his dark inner depths, from such artificial constructions. There is no doubt that art and philosophy are at last moving in parallel directions. Can it be that the ancient quarrel between the philosophers and the poets which began with the writing of Plato's "Republic," and which has raged ever since at the heart of our culture is now at an end?

Indeed we sense this as we read Mr. Barrett's lucid account of those modern philosophers who were able to transcend provincial limitations, to break with academic technicalities, and to become, as they now are, a living force in the Western world as a whole. We think of this new philosophy of existence as a French, or at the widest, a European phenomenon. This is a serious error. Russian thinkers like Soloviev, Shestov, and Berdiaev must be included, and certainly the American philosopher William James, though this is not commonly recognized. The reason is the later pragmatic emphasis on scientific method and technological problem-solving which are already implicit in the rationalistic tradition. James himself, however, was not ashamed to write his philosophy in the first person, not the third, and argued for the primacy of the lived world over objective abstractions. Hence present-day pragmatists regard him as a rather irrational and embarrassing black sheep of their movement. Mr. Barrett is certainly right in identifying basic existential themes in his writings. This insight should be noted and developed further by historians of American thought.

The existential thinkers interpreted by Mr. Barrett diverge on many points. Nevertheless they all see the dangerous partiality of that objective rationalism which is so deeply ingrained in our tradition, and seek for new ways of shedding light on those obscure regions of being-in-the-world which it has disregarded. Thus James rejects the block universe which is enclosed within the great rationalistic systems, and argues for an open world that is contingent, discontinuous, and centered in living persons. Kierkegaard similarly attacks the last of these great systems of reason, that of Hegel, and devotes his life to an exploration of the world of lived experience in which it is possible, but not easy, to exist as a Christian. Nietzsche perceived the struggle for power that underlay this long history of ration-

(*Continued on page* 38)

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Gratitude for the Tender Moments

"Doctor Zhivago," by Boris Pasternak *(translated by Max Hayward, Manya Harari, Bernard Guerney; Pantheon. 559 pp. $5), is a modern historical novel, by Russia's distinguished poet, about a doctor who becomes disillusioned with the Bolshevik regime. It is reviewed by Harrison Salisbury, former* New York Times *foreign correspondent in Moscow who is the author of "An American in Russia."*

By Harrison Salisbury

"DOCTOR ZHIVAGO" is a great novel of our times. It has already been compared to "War and Peace," "Anna Karenina," "Crime and Punishment," and "The Possessed." The comparisons are valid but, like all great works, "Doctor Zhivago" stands alone, unique in concept, poetic in execution, devastating in power, suffused in delicately mystical philosophy, deeply tender in romance, nakedly surgical in its dissection of political folly, and honest in its conviction that man is a simple, if noble, figure in a complex cosmos.

So intense had been my expectation of Boris Pasternak's novel, so high had my hopes been raised by the poetic excerpts published in the Moscow journal *Znamya* four years ago, that when the book finally came to hand it was something akin to a child's sudden reluctance on Christmas morning that I opened the galleys and began to read.

But the first page had not been scanned before all diffidence was melted by the calm, crystal certainty of Pasternak's prose. From his opening phrases he draws you to the poignant beauty of this story of a doctor-poet who came to maturity in the days before 1917, of his loves, his life, his adventures, and his ultimate end.

In a sense I wish that the publication of "Doctor Zhivago" had not been surrounded by melodrama, international intrigue, and mystery. The curious circumstances of the book's first publication outside of Russia, the official restrictions on Pasternak's work within the Soviet Union, the efforts made by Soviet officials to prevent the book from being published in Italy, England, and America—all this may tend to distract some readers and cause others to assume that this is another Soviet exposé, a wooden Soviet "novel" or a propagandistic essay.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Certainly, like all great novels, "Doctor Zhivago" is a commentary upon the society which it depicts and the era in which it is set. The era is, in general, the first quarter of the century. The setting is Russia. The characters are Russian, and from his earliest pages Pasternak makes clear his contempt for collectivist societies:

> The fashion nowadays is all for groups and societies of every sort. Gregariousness is always the refuge of mediocrities, whether they swear by Soloviev or Kant or Marx. Only individuals seek the truth and they shun those whose whole concern is not the truth. How many things in the world deserve our loyalty? Very few indeed. I think one should be loyal to immortality, which is another word for life, a stronger word for it. One must be true to immortality—true to Christ!

With this limpid statement of his faith Pasternak makes plain that his

THE AUTHOR: Boris Leonidovich Pasternak—a spry, sixty-seven-year-old Russian poet, whom the irascible Mayakovsky once praised as "the poet's poet"—lives a simple life by a simple credo: "It is in our power to do but one thing, and that is not to distort the living voice of life." Pasternak, it seems, never has—even during the darkest days of the Stalin era, when he lived quietly in the eye of a storm of tyranny. In 1943 Alexei Tolstoy edited a "comprehensive survey" of Soviet literature; Pasternak, regarded as Russia's greatest living poet, was not even mentioned. Three years later Stalin's close associate Zhdanov attacked Pasternak for straying too far from the Party line; Zhdanov then condemned his poetry as "devoid of ideas and separated from the people's life." Other writers buckled under this kind of heavy critical barrage, but not Pasternak. This twinkling, grey-haired exponent of personal freedom, who, fluent in English, French, and German, is on a first-name basis with Western philosophy and literature, just stopped writing. Like Sholokhov, the brilliant author of "And Quiet Flows the Don," Pasternak embarked on a conspiracy of silence.

With his wife, he lived modestly in Peredelniko, a writers' colony about fifteen miles southwest of Moscow, limiting himself for the most part to translations of Shakespeare, Shelley, Goethe, and Verlaine—translations that have already been hailed as the finest in the Russian language. When the Kremlin eased its rigid policy about the time of Stalin's death in 1953, Pasternak again began to write. Three years later he completed "Doctor Zhivago"—a literary cameo that embraces the last fifty turbulent years of Russian history as its major theme.

The concept for this monumental motif was borrowed from Leo Tolstoy, whom Pasternak, as a child, idolized. His father, the well-known painter Leonid Pasternak, illustrated some of Tolstoy's classics; his mother, Rosa Kaufman Pasternak, an accomplished musician, put her young son to bed reading sections of "War and Peace." Pasternak was enrolled in Moscow University in 1910. Within two years, he went to Germany to study philosophy under Professor Hermann Cohen. His first book of poetry, "A Twin in the Clouds," was published in 1913, when he was still in Western Europe. After a summer in Italy, Pasternak returned, in 1914, to Russia.

Pasternak's feeling for the warmth and beauty of Italy has always been keen; and when he finished "Doctor Zhivago," he arranged for its simultaneous publication in Italy and in Russia. The date was supposed to be October 15, 1956. An unexpurgated manuscript was sent to Giangiacomo Feltrinelli, a Communist publisher in Milan. But in Moscow the Union of Soviet Writers, which passes on all Soviet literature, decided that the book's "cumulative effect casts doubt on the validity of the Bolshevik Revolution, which it depicts as if it were the great crime in Russian history." Pasternak was asked to get Feltrinelli to postpone publication for six months so that "certain revisions" could be made. Feltrinelli agreed. Six

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moral is a universal one. He indicts Europe and America with the same pen which convicts Soviet society. His hero is the same lonely hero, who fights single-handed with simple weapons against overwhelming odds, who was the subject of Dmitri Shostakovitch's first post-Stalin work, his Tenth Symphony.

THIS is no chance coincidence. If Pasternak has survived forty years of Bolshevism with faith unsullied he has been able to do so only because of the honesty with which he looks out upon the world in which he leads his solitary existence. Pasternak speaks for himself when he says of his hero and heroine:

"Unity with the whole was the breath of life to them. And the elevation of man above the rest of nature, the modern coddling and worshipping of man, never appealed to them. A social system based on such a false premise, as well as its political application, struck them as pathetically amateurish and made no sense to them."

The tides of fate sweep Pasternak's lovers relentlessly to disaster. This they expect. They understand that life ends in death. They do not make up children's fables to conceal from themselves the facts of their mortality. They do not immortalize themselves in chromos or tranquilize themselves with togetherness. They are adults, grateful for moments of tenderness in the lonely passage willed them by life.

Pasternak looks down the steel rifling of destiny with a cool and observant eye. This is possible because he is permeated with Christian faith and Christian belief—a faith so warm, so poetic, so full-blooded that it has almost an alien air to Westerners conditioned to dry doctrinarianism. Pasternak's Christ died only yesterday. The resurrection is a few days distant. Not since Tolstoy has so passionate a faith been preached, Schweitzerian in tolerance, Pascalian in knowledge of the world.

The richness of Pasternak's imagery survives pedestrian prose translation and wooden rendering of his poetry.

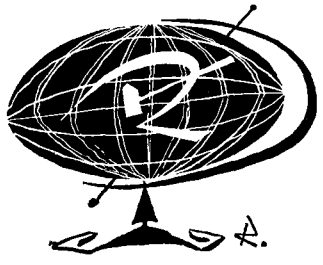
Nothing can obscure the radiance of Christ's final words in Pasternak's closing poem, "Garden of Gethsemane":

I shall descend into my grave.
And on the third day
rise again.
And, even as rafts float down
a river,
So shall the centuries drift,
trailing like a caravan,
Coming for judgment, out of
the dark, to me. . . .

---

months later the Union of Soviet Writers "suggested" that it would be best if Feltrinelli returned the manuscript, thus forfeiting his publication rights. Feltrinelli refused. "Doctor Zhivago" was published in Italian last fall.

Whether it will ever be published in Russia is now not certain. Pasternak told Western reporters last December that he has accepted the "appointment" of a "young and enthusiastic Communist" to help him "improve" the manuscript. When Pasternak was asked to comment on what has been interpreted as anti-Soviet statements in his book, he answered: "This is not politics. . . . I am not a politician. But every poet, every artist must somehow grope for the trends of his time." —MARVIN L. KALB.



Waiting for the Nightmare's End

"The Eighth Day of the Week," by Marek Hlasko *(translated by Norbert Guterman; Dutton. 128 pp. $2.75), is a young Polish writer's novel about present-day Warsaw. Waclaw Jedrzejewicz, our reviewer, was Minister of Education in Poland and is now professor of Slavic studies at Ripon College, Wisconsin.*

By Waclaw Jedrzejewicz

THE American press has recently shown a great interest in a young Polish writer who arrived in Paris from Poland at the beginning of this year. This interest is rightfully deserved, inasmuch as this Pole has displayed an extraordinary talent for writing about present-day life in Poland.

Marek Hlasko was born in Warsaw in 1933—this means that he was just six years old when World War II broke out. He lived out the war years in Warsaw under the German occupation, and he lived through the Warsaw Uprising of 1944, which leveled Warsaw into rubble. After the war he worked at whatever he could find: as a bellboy in a bar, as a locksmith, sailor, and a coachman-driver. During these years he spent what time he could on study. At eighteen he began to write and in 1956 his first book of short stories was published in Poland.

At about this time Gomulka came into power. This meant that it was possible to think, talk, and even to write comparatively freely. Hlasko's short stories, which showed life as it really was in Poland under Communist terror and dictatorship, came as a great revelation. The author immediately became the hero of Polish youth. He was the first to dare to speak out about the bare facts of a kind of life that was abhorrent—a life that flourished as in a sea of pus. Hlasko's stories had the effect of cutting into this odious fluid and causing it to spill over. It was thus that the people became suddenly and frightfully aware of the awful reality of their life—the horror and baseness of it all.

Early this year Hlasko won a literary award in Poland. He was then allowed to go to Paris, and there, in April, he won another literary award, presented by Polish emigrés in France. In Paris he also published a book, "The Graveyards," which he had not been allowed to bring out in Poland, and because of this the official Communist press attacked him strongly for debasing the picture of Poland today. The Minister of Culture, who had given Hlasko an exit permit, was demoted. In the brief space of half a year Hlasko was honored with two literary awards, was condemned by the Party hierarchy, and was the cause for the demotion of a government cabinet minister. This is quite a striking accomplishment for a twenty-five-year-old.

The cast of "The Eighth Day of the Week" (set in Warsaw in 1956) includes a father, his daughter Agnieszka, who is working for her master's degree, his son Grzegorz, who wants to become a writer, a young man, Piotr, who is in love with Agnieszka—all wanting to free themselves from the nightmare of their dreadful everyday life, all waiting for that eighth day of the week which will liberate them, but waiting in vain since the day never comes. The father wants to leave the house in order

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to spend his time peacefully fishing; the son waits for the day when his beloved will return, but she never does; Agnieszka and Piotr long desperately for a private room, for even just one night of love. This frightful kind of life in overcrowded conditions is more horrible than it is humanly possible to bear.

"If it were possible to forget all that. Peace. A little peace and quiet. Nothing more . . .," dreamed Agnieszka. "Walls," said Piotr, "four walls, Agnieszka. . . . I suppose there's no one anywhere who can give us a wall. . . . We must wait and wait, a very long time, and if in the end we get what we want, we probably won't have the strength to enjoy it. . . . We'll long for each other, torment each other, quarrel. . . . Not because we're not in love. No. Just because we have no walls. . . ."

A house filled with quarreling family and drunken lodgers is not a home. "Home! why, here there's no real difference between the crucifix and the portrait of Stalin, for none of us understands either of them," said Agnieszka.

As for the drunkenness, Grzegorz said to his sister: ". . . What else was there to do during that time, except drink and grumble? In Poland drunks have a privileged status, drunkenness has become something like a new special morality. . . . Everybody's tired. There are two things that tie people to each other in Poland—vodka and exhaustion."

FOLLOWING the war Piotr had spent several years in a Polish prison. When the Stalinist "cult of the individual" was over he was set free. But once free, he found that he was completely at sea and that his freedom was unbearable to him. "Where shall we go, Pietrek?" asked Agnieszka dully. "I don't know. There's no place on earth for lovers. . . . I read somewhere that man's greatest unconscious wish is to become a slave. I am beginning to believe it. I catch myself wanting to return to prison. Not to think, not to worry about anything. Life isn't worth living, if there is a sign 'Keep Out' before every place on earth. The only thing I want is to be sentenced. The article of the code and the term don't matter to me."

Hlasko writes with great talent. He fascinates the reader with his conciseness, directness, and drama. In "The Eighth Day of the Week," he describes something more than the soul of a hero—the awful truth of life in a totalitarian state.

A final word, one of acknowledgment, to Norbert Guterman for his splendid translation.

Book in the News

—*Philippe Halsman.*

Rona Jaffe—career girl in New York.

THE loudest drumroll this season is beating for a first novel out this week, ***"The Best of Everything"*** *(Simon & Schuster, $4.50), written by Rona Jaffe, a twenty-six-year-old Radcliffe graduate. Miss Jaffe's story about reluctant career girls in New York City tries to out-Foyle the late Christopher Morley.*

Where Morley had one splendid heroine, Miss Jaffe has five. Despite different names, they are like the many faces of Eve. If Mr. Morley's Kitty had man-trouble, Miss Jaffe's quintet is proportionately besieged by a pack of sexy, gin-scented, grey-flanneled wolves.

Just how this bonanza began, so the story goes, starts with a chance encounter between Twentieth Century-Fox producer Jerry Wald and Miss Jaffe. Mr. Wald allowed as how he was looking for a "modern Kitty Foyle"; if Miss Jaffe was interested why didn't she drop around sometime for a talk. She was interested and did drop around, to Hollywood; and promptly returned to her East Side Manhattan bachelor-girl apartment and set to work. Shortly after, she exchanged 150 manuscript pages for a $100,000 movie contract. While Miss Jaffe flailed away at the typewriter, Suzie Parker and Joanne Woodward were announced to appear in the Wald film.

Miss Jaffe has been heard to say it's not money, but fame, she wants—"to be number one on the fiction list." No one, of course, ever got poor that way, nor by selling, before publication, to the paperbacks for $25,000, a sum to belittle the price paid for "Peyton Place."

SR's Trade Winds co-editor, John G. Fuller, had a lengthy chat not long ago with Miss Jaffe, who said: "I wrote 'The Best of Everything' because there had never been a really comprehensive novel about career girls in New York in a direct, straightforward, uninhibited way. 'Kitty Foyle' covered it partially, but that was some time ago."

"Make no mistake about it," warned Miss Jaffe, "girls change when they come to New York to work at a career. Their sense of values gets turned upside-down. Understand, I'm talking about the rootless, unmarried group which gravitates to New York each year. And you know what I believe?" Miss Jaffe went on, "I believe that this group is convinced that it's square to be good. If you accuse anyone of being a good person, he tries to cover it up. Maybe they're good underneath, but they don't like to go around advertising it. In a smaller town you're supposed *to be good. People don't mind it if you think that you are. Maybe both of these attitudes are masks. People in a small town probably* act *good, and aren't. And in New York, they often* act *amorally, and aren't. Anyway, I hope the advance sale lives up to its promise."*

And, presumably, gets on the best-seller list. Miss Jaffe is now used to the best of everything.

—ROLLENE WATERMAN.

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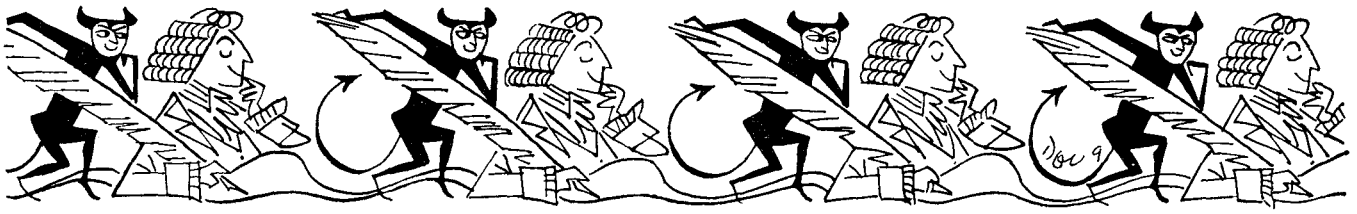

The Battle Fields of a Passionate Puritan

"The Great Secession Winter of 1860-1861 and Other Essays, by Henry Adams," edited by George Hochfield *(Sagamore. 448 pp. $6), is a hitherto uncollected group of essays, containing Adams's observations about politics and society during the Lincoln and Grant Administrations. Earl Schenck Miers, Civil War historian, is our reviewer.*

By Earl Schenck Miers

HENRY ADAMS often insisted that he had been born in the wrong century. This descendant of two Presidents and a brilliant ambassador to Great Britain had always to contend both with biology and environment. His genes and his tradition gave him no choice; the most important business of man was history and government. To boot, Henry was an incurable idealist, and the compulsiveness that dominated his life stemmed from a realization of how helpless any man, without the support of political organization, became in trying to make the faintest scratch upon the image of government. Still, no Adams ever gave up a fight—Henry least of all. What joy could excel making "respectable old fools" burst forth in explosive, flabbergasted wrath?

Among classic American historians, Henry Adams rates with the best, both for his nine-volume history of the United States during the administrations of Jefferson and Madison and for his shorter biographies. The essays that compose "The Great Secession Winter" have, in their way, an almost equal significance. In these pages is the younger Henry, the passionate Puritan, who does not blush in his support of human virtue. Here is a fascinating Henry who, going off to teach at Harvard, gaily confesses that "the devil is strong in me" and adds: "Rebellion is in the blood, somehow or other. I can't go on without a fight."

Naturally, Henry began at once to declare "open war with the whole system of teaching," and drawing on his grandfather's diary during Harvard days, Henry happily indulged his "rage for reform" in a stout plea for social equality among students and instructors. The younger Henry always seemed to look upon a pen as a sledgehammer; so many were the walls of stupidity and prejudice surrounding him that the technique of an infuriated literary whirling dervish suited him perfectly.

Henry, a true reformer, seldom questioned his own prejudices. After all, he fought with God. In his essay on "The Great Secession Winter of 1860-1861," for example, there is not the slightest doubt in his mind that the slave-power had become a political monopoly dedicated to wrecking the government and the Constitution. An individualist like Henry distrusted all corporative power, political or commercial; he missed no chance to whack it hard in any guise. The origins of the war gave him one opportunity; the plot of Fisk and Gould to corner the gold market in 1869 provided another; and even in arguing for sexual equality in the "Primitive Rights of Women," it is the inability of the typical American male to "run his machine and a woman too" that leaves Henry aghast at the threatened disintegration of that "strongest and healthiest of all human fabrics," the family.

IN this instance, Henry's fear was exaggerated. Many of Henry's fears were. Yet as one savors the rich and varied fare in this volume, one finds much nourishment in the rampant Henry. In no sense is he unique; rather he is the intelligent idealist of any age who chooses to admit despair but not defeat; human dignity and decency make the cross he proudly carries.

George Hochfield of Ohio State

(*Continued on page* 40)

Pick of the Paperbacks

POEMS OF JULES LAFORGUE. *Translated by Patricia Terry. University of California Press.* $1.50. Poetry by the French Symbolist whose works influenced poets Crane, Pound, Eliot, in a handsome bilingual edition.

THE SCIENCE OF CULTURE. *By Leslie A. White. Evergreen.* $1.95. Anthropologist White explores and explains the relatively new science of culturology, which attempts to relate man to his own culture.

U. S. GRANT AND THE AMERICAN MILITARY TRADITION. *By Bruce Catton. Universal.* 95¢. The other West Pointer who became President is the subject of Mr. Catton's biography, which deals expansively and persuasively with Grant's success as a military man and his abject failure as a President.

THE THEATRE. *By Stark Young. Dramabook.* 95¢. Mr. Young, dramatist, critic, Chekhov translator, has been identified with the American theatre for more than thirty years. His essays about plays and players are not only knowledgeable but provocative as well.

THE LADY. *By Conrad Richter. Bantam.* 35¢. Doña Ellen, the beautiful and strong-minded lady in question, is viewed through the guileless eyes of a small boy in this short novel of New Mexico in more rugged days.

HISTORY OF THE KINGS IN BRITAIN. *By Geoffrey of Monmouth. Everyman.* $1.65. The legendary history of England, by the twelfth-century Welshman, who tells of mighty King Arthur and his wondrous exploits.

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Beyond the Beginning

A WORLD which has been looking for something important to cheer about for a long time is now justifiably encouraged as the result of four major items of good news within a few weeks.

1. Ordinarily, it would not be considered good news to have the world's attention called to the existence of a substantial quantity of radioactive poison in the atmosphere. But it is most certainly good news when something happens that enables people to face up to an existing danger. This is what has now happened as the result of the long-awaited report issued by the special United Nations Committee studying radiation. Because of this report, the controversy over fallout can now be put to rest. For this survey, which had the benefit of scientific study all over the world, demolishes the notion that the dangers from radioactive fallout resulting from test explosions are negligible.

Ever since leading independent scientists called attention to the hazards of Strontium 90 and Cesium 137 produced by nuclear tests, the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission has made strenuous public relation efforts to convince the American people that the harmful effects were almost nonexistent. One favorite comparison put out by the A.E.C. was to the effect that the danger from fallout was no greater than the possible harm caused by wearing a wrist watch with a radium dial. The A.E.C. continued to use this comparison despite the fact that the principal danger was not so much from external exposure as from the radioactive poisons that are taken into the body and stored there in an active state as the result of eating food that has been contaminated by radioactive fallout. In any event, in the light of the U.N. report, it is likely that the wrist-watch refrain will not soon be heard again.

The United States participated officially in the United Nations survey and, through its scientists, has signed the report. Therefore, the United States joins in its release. The net effect of the U.N. report, however, has been to counter some general impressions created by the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission; in particular, the notion that there was nothing inconsistent between continual testing and the national welfare.

In retrospect, it now appears that the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, concerned with objectives it believed to be in the national interest, felt justified in carrying out a public relations program designed to satisfy and not necessarily to inform.

The Saturday Review would have had no quarrel with the A.E.C. if it had come before the American people, presenting a full and open statement about the hazards to us and others involved in nuclear explosions, yet advocating a policy of continued testing in the interests of national security. We might have disagreed with the conclusions of the A.E.C. but at least we would have respected its method. What we objected to was the apparent attempt of the A.E.C. to tell the American people only what it thought the American people had a right to know. Every bit of vital information concerning the real dangers in testing had to be dredged out of the A.E.C. None was volunteered. The accidents in the Pacific Ocean involving the Marshall Islanders and the Japanese fishermen, both groups of which were far outside the designated danger zone; the release of radioactive Strontium and other elements as a by-product of nuclear explosions; the serious miscalculation with respect to the detection of the Nevada test—all these and other major developments were not disclosed in the first instance by the A.E.C. but from outside the A.E.C.

In any event, the U.N. report probably marks the beginning of a frank and realistic policy about radiation hazards so far as the A.E.C. is concerned. Indeed, two of the chief figures connected with the old policy of the A.E.C. are no longer connected with that agency. One is Admiral Lewis Strauss, the former Chairman; the other is Dr. Edward Teller, former special advisor who led the A.E.C. campaign to minimize the dangers.

It should be emphasized that the U.N. report can in no sense be considered alarmist. It takes the position that *present* levels of radiation caused by nuclear explosions are far from representing an immediate general threat to the health of the world's population. At the same time, it makes it clear that people have already been hurt by fallout and the number will increase as the amount of radioactivity in the air increases. It calls attention to genetic damage. And it is seriously concerned about the major hazards of unlimited testing. With this balanced view, no one can argue.

In any event, the U.N. report provides substantial vindication for Dr. Albert Schweitzer who was among the first to call the attention of the world's peoples to what he termed a "folly in carelessness."

2. The second item of good news is that scientists from East and West, meeting in Geneva for a period of eight weeks, have reached complete agreement on the fact that it is possible to set up machinery for the detection of nuclear explosions. The scientists have also agreed that any nation which attempted a secret violation would run a serious risk of exposure.

This is good news in view of an impression created some months ago by the A.E.C. that the United States should be reluctant to get into any agreements on a suspension of testing because of severe difficulties in the way of enforcement. As an example, the A.E.C. pointed to one of its own underground explosions in Nevada which, it claimed, was not detected at a distance greater than 250 miles. When it was established by outside sources that the test was actually detected more than 2,000 miles away,

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the A.E.C. said it had made an inadvertent error but that it stood by its statement concerning the possibility of secret violations.

The Geneva meetings have now established a firm basis for a workable ban on nuclear testing. Specific recommendations are made concerning the number of detecting stations required for world policing purposes. The process of triangulation that can locate the site of explosions is made clear. Differences between disturbances caused by earthquakes and nuclear explosions are taken into account.

As a result of these recommendations, the main question about a test ban today is no longer scientific but political. A basis has now been defined for a world-wide prohibition of nuclear testing. Any nation which really wants to bring nuclear weapons under control should have no difficulty in demonstrating that sincerity.

3. The third item of good news, no doubt directly related to the previous two, is historic news indeed. President Eisenhower has announced a reasonable basis for ending our nuclear explosions. The conditions he has attached are not tricky or ambiguous. One is that the Soviet Union must hold to its decision to forego nuclear testing. The other is that the nuclear nations must undertake effective methods of policing the nuclear ban. The Geneva meetings provide a scientific basis for this latter condition.

Formerly, American proposals to end nuclear explosions were tied to a series of fairly complicated conditions that made negotiation virtually impossible. Not that these conditions themselves were unsound. They represented the essentials of a sound nuclear policy, including control of nuclear stockpiles and the production of fissionable materials. No doubt, the world would be a lot safer today if all these parts of our omnibus proposal could be put into effect at once. But the London Conference of 1956 proved that negotiation was not possible on a package basis; we had to go at it point-by-point. Hence the big question was whether the United States would be willing to separate the issue of nuclear testing from its other proposals for the purpose of getting serious negotiations started.

Another reason it became necessary to get a ban on testing established quickly was that the world was up against a stern nuclear deadline. Unless effective world-wide controls could be brought into being within a short time, the number of nations embarking on a nuclear arms program would rapidly multiply. Even more serious than the major increase in air, soil, food, and bone contamination by radioactivity produced by general testing would be the vastly increased danger of a nuclear spark setting off a war that could convert the globe into an atomic furnace. A half-dozen nations are now only a matter of months away from entering the nuclear arms race; five years from now, nuclear weapons could be standard items in the arsenals of even the smallest nations. Hence the need to act fast in instituting the essential controls. President Eisenhower's present willingness to move immediately on the matter of a ban on nuclear testing is sound procedure. We are now in a position to test the Russians instead of the bombs. If the Soviet Union means what it says about its willingness to enter into detailed working agreements on enforcement, the occasion is now at hand for proving it.

Even more basic than the technical arguments is the fact that no nation can confine the poisonous fallout to its own land and people. Thus a profound moral question is involved: Does any nation, in the pursuit of its own security, have the right to contaminate the air belonging to other peoples without their consent?

Even if a world-wide ban on testing is achieved, this is of course not enough. So long as atomic and hydrogen bombs exist by the thousands; so long as there is no limitation on manufacture; so long as the world itself continues in a condition of volcanic upheaval and tension, the existence of human life on this planet is in jeopardy. But nothing can happen without a beginning. We are now involved in the adventure of such a beginning. The only way we can know how far we can go is to make the attempt to get there. The destination must be a world under law and justice.

4. This brings us to the fourth item of good news: namely, the affirmative action inside the United Nations on the Middle Eastern crisis. True, no specific formula for keeping peace in the area was reached. But certain essential means for arriving at a solution were devised. And the fever heat that might have ignited an atomic blaze was sharply reduced. Most of all, there is the hope that a successful handling of the present crisis by the U.N. will strengthen it for its next test.

Essentially, the main challenge in the world today is not the size or number of hydrogen bombs but the strength of the U.N. Everything that has happened in the past thirteen years—more particularly, in the last six weeks—has made it clear that no basic solution to any of our problems can be found outside the United Nations. In the end, it is the United Nations, not the big bomb, that must act as a deterrent against aggression. In the end, it is the United Nations that must create and administer the machinery for controlling nuclear weapons. And in the end, it is the United Nations that must deal with the basic conditions that historically have resulted in war.

The good news of recent weeks would have seemed far-fetched in prospect only a few months ago. The big job now is to sustain a real momentum. Certainly, no one is now justified in holding back from the attempt to give the United Nations adequate power to maintain peace under law just because the odds seem against it. The odds, like history, are what we make them. —N. C.

Advice to Another Man's Son

By Hollis Summers

It takes no wit to follow a shore crab's track
Across the sand, only wisdom; he leaves
A double row of holes like hieroglyphs.
But do not be alarmed. In time past
I, somewhat antennaed, misconstrued
His message: I read the signs as *equal* marks.
"Equal, equal, equal," I thought he said,
And the repeated words left my mouth with the phlegmy
Taste of terror. A brave man, I brought
Myself to take another look, and brightened.
Actually, every step is only speaking
A *colon*: and everybody knows a colon
Means something is to follow: example,
Explanation, or a business letter,
Or, more than likely, man
Himself. Accept the crab's philosophy.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ANSWER TO STEINBECK

A great writer's word carries weight with many people and that is the reason why John Steinbeck's reflections about life insurance, "The Easiest Way to Die" (*SR* Aug. 23), should be answered.

1. The function of life insurance is not—as Steinbeck writes—to provide "visits to the hairdresser, payments to the country-club or to guard against the horrible possibility that kin of his cannot have the newest model automobile with the longest tail-fins." Life insurance has many functions but it's main task is to provide the essentials of life (adequate food, shelter, clothing and education). Primarily, it protects his family against loss of income due to the premature death of the breadwinner.
2. A man does not become idle and his survival quotient reduced because of ownership of life insurance. The incentive for a useful life is not only financial but moral and the ownership of life insurance will not adversely affect either one. The removal of financial pressure on the contrary may actually promote a healthier and longer life.
3. It is hardly ever "economically unsound to stay alive." Life insurance will almost never replace more than a small fraction of a man's future earning power. A man of 30 with a life expectance of 35 to 40 more years will hardly ever carry more than the equivalent of a few years of income and his family will thus never receive more than a fraction of his potential earnings if he should die.
4. A family man has a choice of either saving money, buying life insurance or doing neither of these. Saving money is a slow process and can be disrupted by death or by disability. The purchase of life insurance frees him from this task for a premium which is much smaller than the necessary periodical savings and makes sure that the sum he planned to save will be available at the time of his death. By not saving and not buying life insurance, he deserts his obligations and settles the load to provide for his family upon their shoulders. If a man seriously assumes that only "if uninsured his family is vitally interested in his living" then there is either something basically wrong with the man or with his family.

I can hardly believe that this man should be the author of the "Grapes of Wrath."

ERIC S. SEILER, C.L.U.
Teaneck, N. J.

SECOND THE MOTION

I ENTHUSIASTICALLY second the suggestion recently put forward in your pages that *SR* inaugurate a Chess Column.

THOMAS K. BROWN.
Islamoroda, Florida

SR READERS VS A MASTER

SR SHOULD RETAIN a recognized master of chess. He plays white, first move. Readers send in replying black moves. Of these, that one is accepted on which the greater number of readers agree. The master then moves white and readers again respond and again the black move is determined by the largest number in agreement. Thus, the game continues.

FRANK R. INNES.
Coronado, California

ANYTHING CHESSWISE

WE'LL SETTLE for anything chesswise.

EDWARD L. HOPKINS.
East Weymouth, Mass.

IDEAS NOT GAMES

DON'T WASTE valuable space. Continue stimulating us with ideas not with games.

A READER.
Yakima, Washington

ENTREATY

PLEASE start soon!

PAUL W. SIEVER, M.D.
Glencoe, Ill.

KIBITZING THE BEST

PROBABLY YOU would wish to cover occassionally the activities of our leading players as well as the activities of the best foreign players.

WILLIAM R. HAMILTON.
Greensburg, Pa.

ALL ABOUT CHESS

GIVE US A column on chess. Give us a column on the philosophy of chess, the psychology of chess, the morality of chess, the problems of chess, the best games of chess, the worst games of chess, the medicine of chess, the science of chess. Just give us a column of chess—please.

MORTON A. BAUMAN.
No. Hollywood, Calif.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Suppose we go into orbit."

DON'T PIN IT DOWN

LET'S HAVE IT, but do not pin it down to any one angle. Let's have some problems, some games, and also some history, discussion and news.

JUDSON W. GERMON.
Lithonia, Ga.

NEWS

I WOULD LIKE to have a little news. None of the local papers carry a chess column and during the recent Botvinnik-Smylsov match I had to wait a month to find out how it was going.

WILLIAM GOE.
Portland, Oregon

GAMES AND PROBLEMS

I WANT TO cast my vote for a Chess Column. I prefer games to problems, but would be happy to have them alternate.

HOWARD CRAWFORD.
Sherman Oaks, California

VOTE FOR THE NEGATIVE

THIS IS TO register *against* a Chess Column in *SR*.

JAMES A. DAWSON.
Pontiac, Michigan

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Murder" Will Not Out

ELLENVILLE, N. Y.

WHEN duly constituted authority prevents "Murder in a Cathedral" from happening then it is evident there are higher powers than those wielded by a mere critic. The long arm of coincidence has rarely reached further than on the occasion when the tragic outcome of T. S. Eliot's play, as transferred to the musical stage by Italy's venerable Ildebrando Pizzetti, was prevented before it occurred through the decision of the local State Police that the tent provided by the Empire State Festival was no longer usable. The storm which caused the damage also washed out two alternate performances of "La Boheme."

Thus, inadvertently, a visitor who attended the baptism of the tent four years ago was also present at its interment. Actually, the shelter had been scheduled for discard at the week's end, but the squally winds which arose at the end of a sultry August day put it to a test it could not withstand. Worst of all, the damage was heaviest over an auxiliary structure covering the stage and orchestra, exposing the singers and players to a steady downpour. Had the audience alone been subject to this discomfort, some makeshift arrangement could have been contrived. But the decision of the next day, to call the whole thing off (even though the sun was shining brightly) was probably the wisest in the circumstances. The hilltop site is exposed to any passing storm, and another violent one might have caused real mayhem rather than the staged sort.

The sorriest sufferers, undoubtedly (next to the composer, who was far away in Italy) were conductor Laszlo Halasz and Nicola Rossi-Lemeni who had come from Europe to acquaint Americans with the impersonation of Thomas à Becket which he had introduced to Italy at the Scala premiere last winter. It would be a pity to forfeit so much devoted work by the Symphony of the Air, the chorus and associated principals, without a public hearing. Plans are now going forward for a Carnegie Hall performance early in the winter, though Rossi-Lemeni's participation (due to continuing commitments) is questionable. Another first line singing actor, such as Giorgio Tozzi or Jerome Hines, might take his place.

When a sizable audience, unaware of the early evening damage, assembled toward curtain time, managing director Frank Forest took the view that every effort should be made to give a performance. In the half hour that followed, during which the moon shone and disappeared, puddles on the stage were mopped up, and everything made ready for a performance. Lightning flashes were visible through the rents in the canvas when Halasz came into the pit, but he went ahead in sound theatrical tradition until Forest sized up the worsening situation as dangerous and announced a suspension.

In the fifteen or so minutes of Pizzetti's score that were heard, there were indications that a work of quality was unfolding. The opening choral passages preceding the return of Thomas from his exile suggested an orientation to Mussorgsky colored by the kind of Italianate choral writing associated with Puccini and "Turandot." Whatever the weakness of this kind of simile-seeking, it was in the mood of the play, making a further encounter with it, somewhere, somehow, something to be anticipated.

One aesthetic point about "Assassinio nella Cathedrale" was apparent even in the circumstances. No English text was available because the Italian version credited to Monsignor Alberto Castelli was put into singable Italian verse by the composer (who also wrote his own text for "Fra Gherardo" when it was done at the Metropolitan thirty years ago) and Eliot refused to permit any other English version than his own to be published. As he has no present intention of putting Eliot-Pizzetti into Pizzetti-Eliot English, a libretto will probably be lacking wherever and whenever a performance is finally given. —IRVING KOLODIN.

Episcopal Confession

(Circa 1500 A.D.)

By Ben Ray Redman

A FALCON mewed, and featly manned,
I trafficked for a jeweled morse:
She quickly stooped to snipe and lark,
And I to simony, of course;
For hawk and bishop were as one
Naked beneath the seeing sun.

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SANDRA DEE
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Screenplay by WILLIAM DOUGLAS HOME
Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI
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"LUCKY JIM"
from the novel by
Kingsley Amis
now on the screen
at The Paris

Coming
October 18th
SR's
Fall Travel Issue

Spanish Neo-Realist

ONE of the newest directorial talents to appear on the European scene is Spain's Juan Bardem. His film "The Lovemaker," with Betsy Blair, was shown here last year, a picture that plunged beneath the placid surface of a sleepy Spanish town to expose the boredom, frustration and cruelty of its stagnant middle class. **"Age of Infidelity"** (Janus), which has just opened here, is actually an earlier work, dating from 1955; but it reveals even more strongly Bardem's bitter awareness of the corrupting forces in society, the power of privilege, wealth and position to destroy moral values and humanitarian instincts. Bardem is fundamentally a moralist, a critic of the social scene. Not suprisingly, he has had numerous scrapes with his government—including a term in prison.

Bardem's self-appointed role, it would seem, is at once his main source of strength and weakness. Because of his concern for the social effects of every action, the social implications of every attitude, his films have breadth and depth, the sort of "slice of life" that hitherto we had associated primarily with the Italians. Like De Sica or Fellini, he can compress into a single shot the echoing overtones of a busy street, a crowded tenement or a smart cocktail party and suggest the class antagonisms and tensions lingering there. Unlike De Sica and Fellini, however, he has not yet mastered the art of making his people full-bodied and real. They exist because he has willed them into being, because they are necessary to illustrate his thesis. One senses that their motives and reactions have been supplied by Bardem (who not only directs but writes and edits his pictures), to meet his own needs rather than theirs.

"Age of Infidelity" begins magnificently. A young married woman and her lover, speeding back to Madrid after a rendezvous, accidentally hit a bicyclist on a lonely road. The man's instinct is to help, but that might mean exposure, scandal, the loss of position for him, loss of a wealthy husband for her. They leave the cyclist on the road to die. But conscience gnaws at the man, while the woman falls into the clutches of a sadistic *roué,* an art critic who suspects at least part of her guilty secret. Her lover, a university professor who has obtained his position through influence, is unable to concentrate on his work; he tries to make contact with the working-class family of the dead man. The woman is pursued through her round of parties, weddings and receptions by the critic, a bitter court jester in the homes of the wealthy.

In short, the death of the cyclist becomes a knife with which Bardem cuts across all strata of society. To accomplish his purpose, he employs an editing technique that switches abruptly from one locale to another, from one set of characters to another. The linkages, psychological rather than literal, have the effect of throwing the spectator momentarily off balance. One cannot help feeling, however, that this is precisely what Bardem intended, just as his huge close-ups, unconventional groupings and unexpected details—a priest wearing dark glasses at a funeral, for example—have obviously been chosen for their power to shock and disturb. "Age of Infidelity," while not an altogether successful film, is one of the most original, earnest and fascinating imports in a long time.

* * *

Earnestness alone, alas, does not make a fine picture, else **"Wind Across the Everglades"** (Warners) would be a masterpiece. Ten years in the making, this saga of the Audubon Society's efforts to preserve the bird life of Florida at the turn of the century is clearly a labor of love—carefully researched, authentically mounted, photographed in swamps and marshes under conditions that could only have been harrowing. It is difficult to see exactly what went wrong, but apparently just about everything did. The script, written by veteran Budd Schulberg, moves in fits and starts. Characters are introduced, then forgotten—or worse yet, do the inexplicable without a word of explanation from the author. Christopher Plummer, reliable actor that he is, strives manfully to make cohesive a character that is constantly flying apart at the seams, while Burl Ives, sporting a fiery-red beard, has a fine time blustering away like a Gilbert and Sullivan pirate until he too is floored by the script's inconsistencies. One can only be grateful for occasional stunning shots of birds, jungles and glowing sunsets. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

1958-1959 Season

THE CHARACTER of the new Broadway season promises to be different from that of 1957-1958, when plays made from books, and imports from abroad drew most of the acclaim.

A glance at the accompanying chart indicates that this is to be a season of new plays by established American playwrights. For the first time in several seasons Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller will have new works opening in the same year. Mr. Williams's play concerns a man in his thirties whose return to the town of his youth leads to his final domination by a middle-aged actress with whom he travels. Mr. Miller's play, still untitled, he describes as "a very funny play" with a serious theme.

Of our older generation of dramatists Eugene O'Neill, Maxwell Anderson, Elmer Rice, and Archibald MacLeish will be freshly represented. Three of our most promising playwrights, Michael Gazzo ("A Hatful of Rain"), N. Richard Nash ("The Rainmaker"), and Leslie Stevens ("Bullfight") will unveil new efforts.

The plays being adapted from books seem slightly less ambitious than last season. However, Paul Osborn, one of our leading authors in his own right, has dramatized "The World of Suzie Wong." S. N. Behrman is back with something all his own to reassert a theatre reputation that has rested too long on his work of the Thirties. And the American production of William Faulkner's "Requiem for a Nun" could be the hit of the season.

In the musical field "La Plume de ma Tante," which this writer enjoyed in Paris, is a charming, unique, and clever French revue in English. Then let us hope that Rodgers and Hammerstein will regain their lightness of touch to bring "The Flower Drum Song" up to the quality of their songs. Jean Kerr, whose "Please Don't Eat the Daisies" has brought her success as a humorist, collaborates with her husband on "Goldilocks."

The list of imported shows is small but of high caliber. From now on any play of John Osborne is as much a must as one by Williams or Miller. "Patate" stars Tom Ewell. And the Theatre Nationale Populaire and Old Vic are two of the world's most distinguished repertory companies.

The list of debuts is unimposingly short, indicating that it is getting more difficult for the new writer to obtain a hearing. —HENRY HEWES.

	TITLE AND AUTHOR	TENTATIVE CAST	OPENING
NEW	HOWIE, by Phoebe Ephron	Albert Salmi, Peggy Conklin, Leon Ames	Wed., Sept. 17 Coronet
	HANDFUL OF FIRE, by N. Richard Nash	Roddy McDowall, Joan Copeland, Kay Medford	Wed., Oct. 1 Morosco
	A TOUCH OF THE POET, by Eugene O'Neill	Eric Portman, Helen Hayes, Kim Stanley, Betty Field	Thurs. Oct. 2 Helen Hayes
	THE GOLDEN SIX, by Maxwell Anderson	Viveca Lindfors	Mon., Oct. 13 York
	THE GIRLS IN 509, by Howard Teichmann	Imogene Coca, Dorothy Gish, Robert Embardt	Wed., Oct. 15 Belasco
	ONCE MORE, WITH FEELING!, by Harry Kurnitz	Joseph Cotten, Arlene Francis	Tues., Oct. 21 National
	THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY, by Samuel Taylor and Cornelia Skinner	Cornelia Otis Skinner, Cyril Ritchard	Wed., Oct. 22 Longacre
	THE NIGHT CIRCUS, by Michael Gazzo	Ben Gazzara, Janice Rule, Shepperd Strudwick	Thurs. Oct. 23
	THE MARRIAGE-GO-ROUND, by Leslie Stevens	Charles Boyer, Claudette Colbert	Wed., Oct. 29 Plymouth
	CUE FOR PASSION, by Elmer Rice	John Kerr, Diana Wynward	Wed., Nov. 5
	J. B., by Archibald MacLeish	Pat Hingle, Christopher Plummer	Wed., Dec. 17
	UNTITLED PLAY, by Arthur Miller	Marilyn Monroe	Thurs., Dec. 18
	SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH, by Tennessee Williams	Paul Newman	March ?
BOOKS	THE WORLD OF SUZIE WONG, from the novel by Richard Mason	William Shatner, Sarah Marshall, Frances Nuyen	Mon., Oct. 13 Broadhurst
	THE MAN IN THE DOG SUIT, from *Three Ways to Mecca* by Edwin Corle	Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy	Thurs., Oct. 30 Coronet
	COMES A DAY, from *The Angel Tree* by Speed Lamkin	Judith Anderson, Arthur O'Connell, Brandon de Wilde	Thurs., Nov. 6 Ambassador
	THE DISENCHANTED, from the novel by Budd Schulberg	Jason Robards, Jason Robards, Jr., Rosemary Harris	Wed., Dec. 3 Martin Beck
	THE COLD WIND AND THE WARM, from *The Worcester Stories* by S. N. Behrman	Eli Wallach, Clifford David, Maureen Stapleton	Thurs., Dec. 4 Morosco
	REQUIEM FOR A NUN, from the novel by William Faulkner	Ruth Ford, Zachary Scott	Tues., Jan. 2
MUSICALS	GOLDILOCKS, by Jean and Walter Kerr, Leroy Anderson	Elaine Stritch, Russell Nype, Barry Sullivan, Pat Stanley	Thurs., Oct. 9 Lunt-Fontanne
	LA PLUME DE MA TANTE, by Robert Dhery, Gerard Calvi, Ron Parker	Robert Dhery, Louis Fuentes	Mon., Nov. 3 Royale
	AT THE GRAND, by Luther Davis, George Forrest, Robert Wright	Paul Muni, Joan Diener, George Givot	Thurs., Oct. 23 46th Street
	THE FLOWER DRUM SONG, by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein	Pat Suzuki, Juanita Hall, Miyoshi Umeki	Thurs., Nov. 20 St. James
	WHOOP UP, by Cy Feuer, Ernest Martin, Morris Charlap, Norman Gimbel	Susan Johnson, Walter Matthau	Thurs., Dec. 18 Shubert
	DAARLIN' MAN, by Sean O'Casey, and Marc Blitzstein	Shirley Booth, Melvyn Douglas, Jack MacGowran	Thurs., Jan. 29 46th Street
IMPORTS	EPITAPH FOR GEORGE DILLON, by John Osborne, Anthony Creighton	Robert Stephens, Eileen Herlie	Fri., Oct. 24 Golden
	PATATE, by Marcel Achard	Tom Ewell	Tues., Oct. 28 Henry Miller
	Note: The Theatre Nationale Populaire will bring de Musset's LORENZACCIO, Marivaux's LE TRIOMPHE DE L'AMOUR, Hugo's MARIE TUDOR, Molière's DON JUAN, and Corneille's LE CID for three weeks at the Broadway Theatre opening Tues., Oct. 14. With Gerard Philippe, Maria Casares, and Jean Vilar. The Old Vic will bring HAMLET, TWELFTH NIGHT, and HENRY V for five weeks at the Broadway Theatre opening Tues., Dec. 9. With John Neville, Barbara Jefford, and Laurence Harvey.		
DEBUT	A SWIM IN THE SEA, by Jess Gregg	Fay Bainter, Carol Stone, Inga Swenson	Tues., Sept. 30 Lyceum
	DRINK TO ME ONLY, by Abram Ginnes, and Ira Wallach	Tom Poston, Paul Hartman, Jack Gilford	Wed., Oct. 8 Adelphia
	THE GAZEBO, by Alec Coppell	Walter Slezak	Fri., Dec. 5

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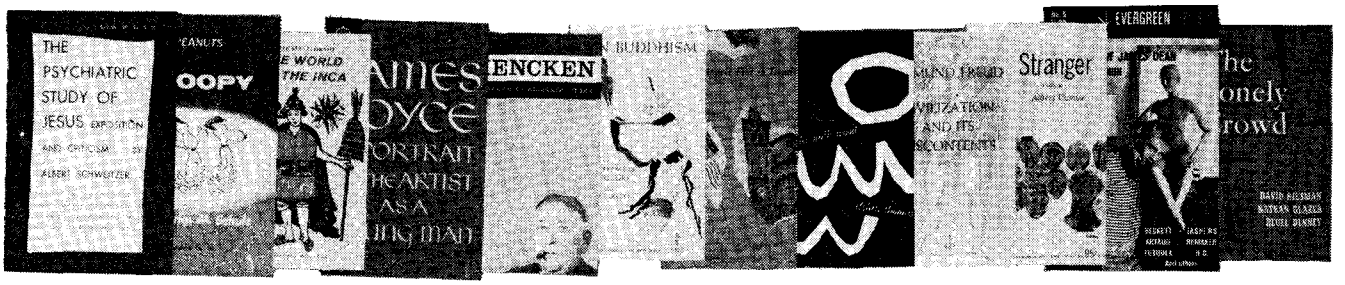

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TV AND RADIO

What Can WE Do?

ON THE 30th of May, 1942, Winston Churchill sent to the appropriate officers a directive on the construction of those floating piers which were the surprising technical feature of the landing in France. "They must float up and down with the tide," he wrote, and then, with the great touch, "Don't argue the matter. The difficulties will argue for themselves."

I am proposing an action in the field of the mass media, being aware of the crushing defeatism which meets all such proposals. The craven-hearted are wont to surrender in advance to the idea that nothing can be done. In a recent column (*SR* Aug. 16) I suggested that mere words of indignation among a minority of the public are not going to be enough to compel networks to undertake a drastic overhauling of today's program fare. The public must act. Borrowing Mr. Churchill's audacity, I suggest going ahead at the risk of failure, letting the difficulties argue for themselves. The objective is nothing less than changing the atmosphere in which broadcasting is received. The method is as simple as a friendly talk over a couple of drinks.

The place is anywhere in the United States except (for the moment) New York, Los Angeles, Chicago. The action begins with a telephone call to the owner or, if the owner is nonresident, the executive manager of a TV station. The caller is a friend. He says, in effect, "Johnny Anstruther and Beatrice Lowe and Abe Gordon and a couple of others were talking about you last night and we think you'd be interested in what we were saying." There would follow some genuine and well-deserved compliments on some recent programs, local and/or network, and a brief demurrer by someone on the way the local college graduation was handled and a nice word for dropping one program and putting on another.

"And," the speaker continues, "we thought it would be nice if every so often we got together and talked things over with you—we could tell you what we liked most and you could explain to us things we don't understand."

It is not essential to the plan that among the Johnnies and Beatrices and Abes there should be a citizen of national as well as local eminence and the wife of a substantial advertiser on the station and son on. Perhaps, however, their presence is essential for the speaker's final words:

"And we think it would be a fine idea if these little talks were televised on your station."

And if your instant response is that no station in the country would invite people to use its channels to criticize its management—*don't say it!* Plans are now being made by at least two, perhaps four, stations to give this community-critical program a fair test. It may be a dud, it may fail of its objective—but it will be tried.

It is vital that the approach to management be friendly and it is equally important to select the on-air participants carefully so that the community will feel itself represented. Once the program gets going and people get the sense that "they're saying exactly what I was thinking" the opportunity offered to the station for direct communication with its listeners will far outweigh the risk of nagging hostility. No representative group is wholly antagonistic to its local station and no group will remain so if it feels that it is being consulted, that it has a chance to give its opinions and to make its wants known.

This is, of course, the ultimate purpose of the program: to let the public share with the broadcasters the right to define "the public interest." Once such a program is started, variations of it adapted to local needs will appear and ultimately, even if they function only in outlying places, they will have an effect on network broadcasting.

This is a simple immediate action. (I would be glad to send to anyone interested a more detailed plan.) There is another of somewhat longer range which may be easier to start in some places. It is to make broadcast-entertainment a study subject in schools beginning in the lowest grades and continuing through high school and college.

By this I mean precisely that kindergarten tots should be encouraged to discuss their likes and dislikes among the few programs available to them, and six- and seven-year-olds should have full-dress debates on the merits of *Maverick* vs. *Have Gun,* and presently essays on slightly more recondite aspects of daytime serials and giveaways should be required until in college we come to courses in communication.

THE objective is still the same: to increase participation in the mass media. In the long run, this integration into the school system would create a small, but useful, core of habitual critics and, more important for our purpose, a significantly large number of people accustomed to analyze and to compare whatever the media offer. If that number rose to 5 per cent of the total audience it could easily effect that change in atmosphere which I think we must have before we can get any serious improvement in the quality of TV programs. It is a change from the atmosphere of grateful acceptance and preferential ratings to considered judgment and, by indirect means, the expression of real wants.

I have put these two totally different actions together because both are simple, both can be started locally, and the effect of each can be promptly observed. But chiefly I have wanted to show that the intelligent citizen is not helpless, that he can do *something.* Once he gets the habit of action, he will probably find more suitable and more effective things to do. Let him try these and see where they lead to. —GILBERT SEL-

Sunday

By Robert Necker

NOW the sun has spring on its breath
and God hath found his glasses
and I am running in childbride rain
having seen Betty
not in a dream
ah—'I did not doubt
I would see you
Again'.

A blue sun, leaves
now my mind is heaven-lined
and hear the barking of my heart.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

The Schizoid City

BERLIN.

I WAS, by fortunate invitation, standing on the flight deck of the airplane when Pan Am's DC-4, squeaking through the narrow corridor from Frankfurt to Berlin began to let down over the Havel whose waters are divided between East Germany and West Berlin. On the West Berlin side a flock of white sailboats glinted in the late afternoon sun. On the East German side there was nothing but water and shoreline. It was a sight that was to be repeated a dozen times in the week that followed—automobiles flooding the streets in the West Sector, emptiness echoing in a loud hollow ring on the streets of the East; shops bright and filled with goods in the West, stores dark and shabby in the East; lights blazing along the Kurfürstendamm in the West, propaganda banners blaring on the avenues of the East. Yet it is the constant pressure, the ever-present competition, the life in the shadow of an unattractive churlish neighbor whose big brother could beat you to our knees in some uncontrolled moment that makes Berlin one of the most interesting if one of the most tense cities in the world.

Pressure and danger, if you live with it daily, does, I suppose, become commonplace, for the tenseness is much more apparent in the visitors that come through the air corridors from the outside world than in the West Berliners whose daily life is an island in the Communist sea. Certainly there was no tension at Tempelhof where the populace was drinking beer and munching wurst while watching the airplanes land and take off at one of the few airports located right inside a city's borders.

The Russians will not accede to flights by Lufthansa, the German airline, so the bulk of the load is carried by Pan American which sends twenty-six planes a day into Berlin and twenty-six planes out again. But despite the heavy traffic, Tempelhof is one of the most agreeable airports in Europe, with all incoming planes coming to roost under a protective cantilevered roof, the only one I recall seeing anywhere in the world.

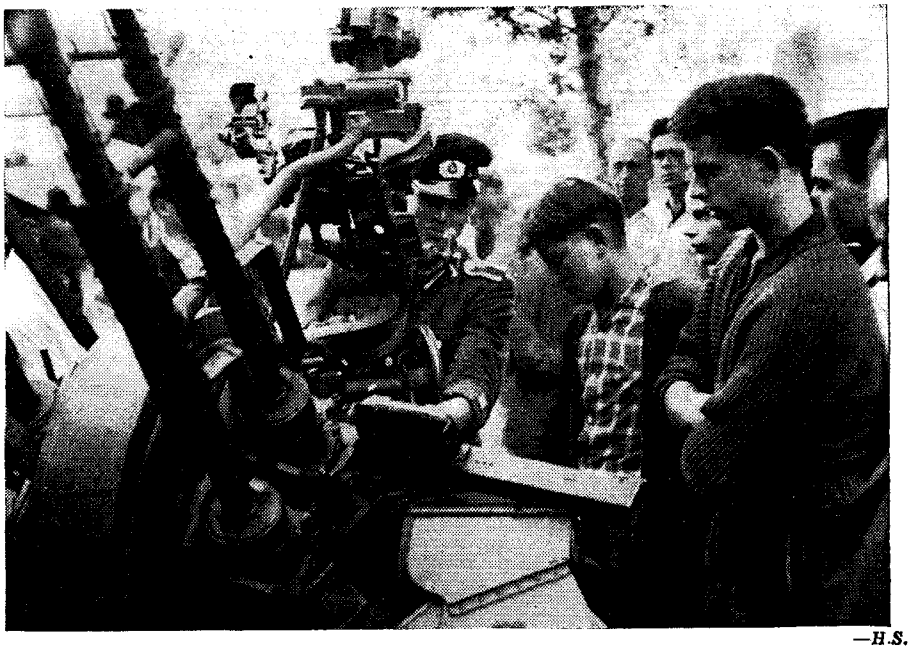
As for hotels, that other tourist amenity, the city has just opened an economy- styled inn called the Berlin, which sits in a desolate field of emptiness perhaps eight or ten minutes by from the Kurfürstendamm. Built along the economy-minded lines of the Mercur in Copenhagen and the Malmen in Stockholm, it offers miniscule baths and small rooms which are further cramped by the addition of narrow balconies, which since they are too small to sit on, afford no real purpose. It is anachronistic indeed to be compressed in the confines of the Berlin's rather Spartan quarters and to look out on acres and acres of unused real estate all around.

The new Hilton Hotel which is to open in Berlin this fall will not be the luxury lair of other Hilton-occupied cities, for the Berlin authorities seem dedicated to remind visitors that Berlin is, after all, a city under siege, and no place really to live it up. The post-war Kempinski Hotel, named after a pre-war tavern of immense fame, offers small rooms too, with the beds folding into the walls and not very much thought given to the baggage that will be carried to Berlin by overseas travelers. While it has almost no lobby, the Kempinski has been more generous with the space it has afforded to its restaurants. Its outdoor cafe on the Kurfürstendamm is a local Café de la Paix except that the offerings are more opulent than its French counterpart. And its restaurant inside has a marvelous menu that takes the guest, in four pages, from lobsters and caviar to a "rich assortment of cakes and pastries." Like most restaurant menus in Berlin, it is very explicit about the quantity of food you can expect to get. Item #14, for example, offers "three scrambled eggs with five crayfish tails" at four marks and a quarter, or about a dollar. All the famed German goodies are on hand, not excluding Westphalian ham, or that other Berlin specialty "Stewed eel with cucumber salad and new potatoes."

Day or night the Kufürstendamm is a mass of people and they storm the cafés to drink *Berliner Weisse,* the sour beer which is sweetened and decorated with green or red syrup and served in an outsized bowl that must try the strength of the stem which supports it underneath. A favorite too, is *Bowle* which is a mix of a Mosel that is not too sweet, a bottle of champagne that is not too expensive, a split bottle of soda water, one jigger of cognac, and some fresh strawberries left to ferment. The foregoing recipe will inebriate a party of four.

The most elegant restaurant in town is the Ritz which, Escoffier only knows why, serves a strange menu of Korean, Japanese, Russian and Arab dishes, as well as black Chinese eggs, Chinese vegetable soup and other odd amalgamations between the Teuton and the Oriental world. But one night we went to a small *Stube* called the Tegernsee and had just about as good a time eating wurst and drinking beer with an elderly and precise German couple sharing the other end of the bare wood table.

It is, of course, quite simple to make an incursion into the East zone. One merely stops before the Brandenburg Gate to exchange a word with the West German policeman who,



—H.S.

"East German soldiers, smiling and obliging . . . and the wonder of new weapons."

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upon the approach of a car, comes to the center of the road waving a wand. There is a similar exchange, a little less friendly, on the opposite side of the gate with the East German policeman, and then one is free to roll on into a sector that looks, thirteen years after the war, like nothing so much as a neatened-up no-man's land. Bordering the near-barren boulevard of Unter den Linden is the headquarters of the F.J.D., the Free German Youth, Communist counterpart of the Hitler Jugend. Three youths, one a girl wearing a boy's undershirt and shorts, were slaving over the rubble in front of the shell of the old French embassy. A red banner blared, "Unity, Togetherness Against an Atomic War."

There are blocks of ruins and open weed fields and then Stalinallee, the big Communist showpiece of the Eastern zone. The entranceway is guarded by two towers, one of which houses the Haus Berlin, a department store, and other the Haus des Kindes, the largest children's store in Germany. We got out of the car and walked in, climbing up the escalators that didn't run and browsing through the unlit corridors. American jazz came through the loudspeaker; there were pinball games and among the books was *Die Vier Pfeile der Cheyenne*, (The Four Arrows of Cheyenne), but the toys looked second hand, as if they had been cast-offs repaired by firemen at Christmas time for distribution to poor children. *Liebe Muttis Tretet Ein für Eine Atom-Waffen Freie Zone*, entreated a sign, (Dear Moms: Stand for a zone free of atomic weapons.)

For one and three tenths kilometers white apartment houses, many of them flying the red banner, border the Stalinallee, once known as the Frankfurterallee. Within this canyon began the famed fight of June 17th, 1953, between East German factory workers and the Red tanks, an uprising commemorated with gorgeous irony by renaming the West German boulevard on which a Red Russian War memorial is located as the Avenue of the 17th of June. On Stalinallee the balconies of the workers are patched together, and some have tumbled to the street. The shops on the street level are called the Wine Restaurant Budapest and the Cafe House Warsaw, just to keep it all in the family.

The thunder of drums and the summons of bugles sounded down the street and we followed the Germans who answered its call as if it had come from a rostrum in Nuremberg twenty years earlier. A crowd had gathered in front of the Sports Palast, a new building, part of the Stalinallee project, which is faced across the street by a statue of Joseph Stalin. He looked, as did we, his expression perhaps more benign than ours, at the East Berliners lured from their homes at workday's end by drum and bugle to witness the award of medals to the winners of a bicycle race from East Berlin to Tangermunde. I remembered Tangermunde well, for it was there on the banks of the Elbe that the American division of which I was a member, had been brought to a halt by political agreements made at Teheran or Yalta. It was there, that spring of 1945, that we had waited one week for the Russians to arrive, that over 100,000 prisoners walked over the girders of a collapsed bridge to surrender to us instead of the Russians, and there finally at week's quiet end that some of us had climbed a church steeple to watch the Russians and the rearguard Germans play out the last battle on the field below.

AFTER the award the drums and bugles sounded again and then the crowd filtered over to a display of new East German armaments that had been set up on the front lawn of the Sports Palast. East German soldiers in the old familiar suit were smiling and obliging and they showed off the wonder of their new weapons to the crowds of wide-eyed kids who would use them soon.

Before leaving West Berlin I sat one morning with some Berliners of my acquaintance on the Wannsee-Terrassen, a cafe on the lake over which I had flown a few days before. A straw roof covered the restaurant and bright red and blue tables decorated the tiers of terraces that sloped down to the pines, to the beach and to the Wannsee with its sailboats. Off in the distance were the towers that send West Berlin's telephone calls, 164 at a time and all of them scrambled, off to the Harz Mountains. There, beyond Russian monitors, they are unscrambled and redistributed to Western Germany and the world beyond. Past the peninsula on which the towers stand is the Havel River, the far shore of which is Eastern Germany and Potsdam. Boats putting out from the West shore must be careful not to cross the imaginary border line in mid-river. Fast boats of the *Volkswasserschutzpolizei*, the people's water safety police, take the intruders into custody. The penalty is a few days incarceration in Potsdam and often the loss of the boat.

Under arrest is about the only way for a West Berliner to travel to Potsdam. Even foreigners are treated with something less than hospitality, being charged 19 marks, or roughly $5 for the short trip to the suburbs. Even going to visit the Stahnsdorf cemetery where 60,000 Berliners are buried is a trial for West Berliners who must apply for permission, submit two photographs and wait three days for the permit. Tickets must be paid in West German marks. Strangely, however, East Germans may not have West German marks in their possession and when slipping over to the West zone to buy goods, their East German marks are pegged at four to one West German mark. Even so, at quadruple the advertised price, many West German goods are still worth it to an East German.

What accounts for the phenomenal prosperity of the West and the stark poverty of the East? Observers lay the blame on the lack of coal, iron, and industry. The eastern lands are mostly agricultural and while Western occuping powers are being supplied by their homelands the Russians are still living off the land. Agricultural reforms have sliced up the large farms, but the farmers are taking care of themselves and the produce is not flowing into city markets.

About all that anybody goes into the East zone for is to see how the other half lives and to listen to the opera. For the state-run East German opera is better than the West for a reason similar to why the Russians swamped us with their cultural offerings at Brussels this year. East German artists are marshalled into the companies, no expense is spared on sets and costumes and Western singers are even lured over the border by offers of payment in both East and West marks in sums so large they cannot be met by private enterprise in the West. It is a precept of the system that you can curtail the freedoms, chop up the land, fill the salt mines, jam the air, keep the prisoners, knock lost planes from the sky, and murder the objectors, but for the State's sake don't stop the music. If the people's opera shows a loss you can always charge it off to advertising, for without *kultur* man is a savage.

—HORACE SUTT

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OTHER LANDS

Golden Coast and Barren Interior

"Words Are Stones," by Carlo Levi *(translated by Angus Davidson; Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 212 pp. $3.75), describes the life and the land of the Sicilian peasantry. It is reviewed by John H. Secondari, a commentator for the American Broadcasting Company and the author of the novel "Coins in the Fountain," published in 1952.*

By John H. Secondari

AS A prophet is least attended in his own home, Carlo Levi is less thought of in Italy than abroad. Certainly much less in Italy than in the United States, where his reputation rests solidly on the impact and success of his wartime "Christ Stopped at Eboli." That was possibly the first book to pull back the curtain from the tragic, desert-like, dusty world of the Southern Italian peasant, and allow a foreign audience to peek. It was only after the war that the Italian Communists made the conditions of the Southern Italian peasant and land reform twin subjects generally familiar to the world at large.

"Words Are Stones" deals with that same world. It is about Sicily, and the fantastically beautiful sea which now is almost completely empty of fish. It describes that ancient life, a mixture of Arab and Greek, Spanish and Norman, and a little bit of Italian. It pictures the golden coast and the barren interior, where peasants live and die where they are born, never even finding out what lies on the other side of the mountain. It tells of the slowly changing world which is—in one of its aspects—substituting trucks for the painted Sicilian carts. All this Mr. Levi does.

He deals with the social aspects of this tragic land, and the hopeless lives of the peasants. He writes of the feudal estates and the Mafia (which, he says, enforces the law of the estate) and of the Italian police who look on and allow the terror and the murders which are the Mafia's tools. He does this at length in the third part of the book, which reports the murder of a peasant Communist organizer in a village in Sicily.

To an extent, Mr. Levi also considers the social value of things Sicilian when, in another part of the book, he reports the visit of then mayor of New York, Vincent Impellitteri, to his native village in Sicily. The comment lies in a note of wonder at the almost divine value which the villagers placed on this son of theirs who had traveled so far and risen so high. But Mr. Levi's wonder is counterpointed by the vein of his personal contempt that people should believe that there was anything extraordinary in what Mr. Impellitteri had been industrious enough, smart enough, lucky enough to achieve in his life. Above all, the contempt that the people who believe this should be these tragic people of Sicily, whose backward lives he has chosen to champion for a change to the better.

To this reader, it is a note which, once discerned in this first part of the three-part book, cannot but be noticed elsewhere in the pages. Mr. Levi does not feel himself one of the peasants; he says so quite frankly. He merely observes them, and writes about them. One has the impression he does not understand them. And Mr. Levi's observations are brief indeed, for he tells in the introduction that each of his visits preceding the writing of the book lasted no more than two days.

Which raises the point of how this book should be judged. Certainly not as a report, since it is admittedly too shallow in research for a report. Essentially it is not a political pamphlet, though there are overtones of politics, as there are in everything Mr. Levi writes. Then perhaps as a travelogue, written in a language somewhat more readable than Baedeker.

From the title one imagines that Mr. Levi intended every word to be a stone cast against the complacent lack of interest of the Italian government in Rome. In English the words are more bread crumbs than stones. In Italian they could hardly carry any more weight, because it is not words that are stones, but facts, and this book lacks facts.

And there may lie the explanation of why Mr. Levi is more highly regarded here than in his own country —because in Italy the people who read his books are also acquainted with the facts.

Criminal Record

BEST DETECTIVE STORIES OF THE YEAR. *Edited by David C. Cooke. Dutton.* $2.95. Thirteenth annual collection contains twelve previously serialized yarns largely by name-writers (Stuart Palmer, John D. MacDonald, William Campbell Gault, the late Craig Rice, *et al.*); snap endings stressed; introduction is excellent survey of postwar mystery field. Usual A-1 job.

NIGHT OF RECKONING. *By John Stephen Strange. Crime Club.* $3.75. Bigwig in Connecticut manufacturing town convicted of murder; old retainers get bum deal; police chief toils as Diane of 1955 strikes; much marriage and giving in marriage (also divorce). Wide-screen job.

AND FOUR TO GO. *By Rex Stout. Viking.* $2.95. Quartette of tales, all set in New York, stars Nero Wolfe and features Archie Goodman, one or other of whom is actually present at three killings (and both at one). Photographs (here reproduced in halftone) are essential clue in one case; orchids present (vital in another case); Inspector Cramer omnipresent (but never learns). Sound as a bell.

THE PEEPING TOM MURDERS. *By Jack Baynes. Crest.* 25¢. Morocco Jones, Chicago eye, takes West Coast assignment involving big-time blackmail, scandal sheet, mean cops, friendly reporters, cultist leader, beautiful gals, South American playboy, corpses, all the usual.

A BULLET FOR A BLONDE. *By Paul Kruger. Dell.* 25¢. Twenty-year-old heiress takes .32 slug in head; Vince Latimer, Rocky Mountain area eye, looks into matters, as does good Lieutenant Kranz of city police; numerous other corpses are lined up before payoff (but who picks up Latimer's tab?). Nicely handled. —SERGEANT CUFF.

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Amidst an Alien Culture

"Wai Wai: Through the Forests North of the Amazon," by Nicholas Guppy *(Dutton. 373 pp. $3.95), is a travel book about a remote equatorial land, just north of Brazil. Ivan Sanderson, our reviewer, has written many books about animals, wildlife, and his jungle expeditions.*

By Ivan Sanderson

THIS is a travel book in the truly great tradition, written with the oldtime—nineteenth-century—combination of modesty, ebullience, and some quite harmless braggadocio. Here and there it is infused with long passages of profound and gentle contemplation such as comes to a kindly, thinking man when he is far away and alone, amidst an alien culture and in close touch with nature. All of this is the more remarkable not only for its appearance halfway through this aggravating and, in many ways, depressing century, but also because it relates the incidents of a journey through lands that any of us could reach in a few hours by air from Florida—if there were any place to land.

The country of the Wai Wai and their related tribesmen, the hitherto unvisited Mawayan Amerinds, lies athwart the southern border of British Guiana, slightly in north Brazilian territory, not too far (according to an ordinary atlas) from the north coast of South America. It is a land of endless equatorial forests blanketing the earth beyond a modest range of mountains, and it forms the watershed between the great river systems that flow north to the Orinoco, east to the Atlantic, and south to the Amazon. Neither white nor black man had been there before and even the Amerinds from the nearby coastal areas have not contacted their brethren thereabouts.

Nicholas Guppy was born in Trinidad, grandson of (yes, it's true) the discoverer of the famous little tropical fish common to our city apartment tanks—the guppy. He is a botanist and a forest officer, and a very good one. He is also a scientist and a man born with the wonderful breadth of vision and gentility of mind that permits him to contemplate the whole world of nature that he encounters on his ecological travels and not only to sympathize with and enjoy the lives of the peoples he visits but to analyze their way of life and relate it to the findings of our pragmatic sciences, in which he is well versed.

As a result, Mr. Guppy really puts the works of missionaries in their true light. He fully acknowledges the humanity of these dedicated, if misguided folk and their hospitality to himself. He likewise frankly indicates the weaknesses of the spiritual side of the so-called "primitive" folk with whom he spent so many weeks, but then again also acknowledges gestures of compassion and decency displayed by the worst of their exponents whom he met and who had every cause to be jealous of the author's superior medical knowledge.

There is so much in this book—of humanity, human relationships, and human interest, as well as its unpretentious record of truly scientific men who sweat, starve, and shake with fever just to find out what kinds of previously unknown trees grow in what unmapped tropical valleys—that it is impossible to preview, let alone review. It is a splendid book and outstanding among straight travelogues. It may be one of the last glimpses we shall have of the living descendants of our mutual ancestors before they are shattered in mind, body, and estate by our unavoidable but nonetheless ugly culture. Nick Guppy liked these honest, well-mannered people: you will like them too.

PROGRESS IN PERSIA: Sarbandan, a small Persian village in the hills near Teheran, was trapped in its own dark age, a victim of destitution and ignorance, its level of existence scarcely human. The now universal problen of helping such villages approach the twentieth century was undertaken by what would seem a very unlikely candidate, the beautiful eighth daughter of a tutor and advisor to the Qajar kings. Najmeh Najafi, who with Helen Hinckley is the author of **"Reveille for a Persian Village"** (Harper, $4), decided a few years ago to close up her fashionable dress shop in Teheran and study in the United States, so that she might somehow fulfill an uncertain and often confused dream of helping the villagers of her native Iran to a better existence. The book is the story of how, after several false starts, she came to Sarbandan and, through the successive seasons, was able to define and crystallize that dream. Miss Najafi's success was twofold: the gradual metamorphosis of Sarbandan and its painful emergence from the remote past, and what Miss Najafi describes as her own spiritual renewal and sense of fulfillment.

Equipped with very little money, considerable help from her friends among the Iranian upper classes, and a good deal of drive and simple hearted idealism, Miss Najafi confronted the familiar struggle with apathy and superstition of the villagers. When she arrived conditions were unbelievable. Hunger lingered and threatened at every mud door-

Valentine

By Hollis Summers

She is like pearls, of course, and rubies, and other
Extravagances, including dahlias and Venus;
She's a compendium of loveliness
Sufficient for my knowledge of the genus.

Still, loveliness has always been a bonus
For the loved as much as for the lover,
Before and during and after all. This
Is a fact I was delighted to discover.

And knowledge, such as loveliness disperses—
Despite what men including me have said—
Is frequently insufficient for a body
Which also includes an organ called the head.

Considerate of myself, male, I
Would dwell on flamboyancies. But unsheathing
Vanity a moment: she is a house
And food and the simple act of breathing.

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step; the sluggish stream from which came the only drinking water was the same stream in which the dead were washed and, indeed, into which all human waste found its end; a common treatment for illness was a home-brew of ravens' blood and crushed beetles (obtained at some expense in winter). Eighteen months later, Sarbandan had a clinic, a widespread sanitation program, an almost unheard of but accepted school for girls, a domestic, commercial handicrafts program for women, and trained teachers and assistants who would some day extend their work to other villages. Sarbandan had awakened from its fear and uncertainty. Now it would be able to carry on by itself. "You teach a child to walk," says Miss Najafi to a doubtful visitor. "After that, do you carry him?"

If that statement sounds sensible enough, we might look for the secret of Miss Najafi's success in her firm, pragmatic philosophy: Careful nurturing of each individual and village cannot be replaced with a remote, impersonal, and antiseptic approach (pointing a shy finger at the several heavily endowed foundations and agencies operating in Iran). Progress must be based on the old and familiar, the important and the loved. The Misses Najafi and Hinckley's account of how this was done in Sarbandan is most successful when it leaves the air of pious sentimentalism with which it is often written to describe some fascinating aspects of Persian village life. —JEANETTE WAKIN.

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 793

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 793 will be found in the next issue.

EJ XJBMZ LMUS

PRWKUMI KPBK EJ FU

ZUK XJBMZ LMUS

PRWKUMI.

—NJUMN PJNJX.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 792

It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.

—BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

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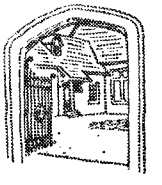

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Philosophy

Continued from page 19

alistic calculation. By raising the question *what for*? in a radical form he also perceived that there was no answer on this ground, and thus sensed the nihilism in which it ends. Sartre shows how these grandiose rationalizations of dark choices are grounded in a constant flight from human freedom. Finally, Heidegger, the most original and profound, rejects the whole ontological tradition of the West, and works out an epoch-making description of human being-in-the-world as the first step towards a recovery of the sense of being.

Mr. Barrett lays a heavy emphasis on the narrative side of this development, and in his last chapter interprets it as a revealing of the dark irrational "furies" in man which are at last being recognized and respected. This is an anticlimax, for, as his own discussions show, the new philosophy is much more than this. As a matter of fact, it is neither rational nor irrational: it has penetrated to a deeper ground beneath them both from which it is able to understand man and his world in a new and more revealing light. Mr. Barrett does not thoroughly explore the new conception of a relative human truth and its implications for philosophy. Nevertheless, he has written a brilliant and penetrating book of deep concern not only to the professional philosopher but to the layman as well—to all men, in fact, who are interested in the living thought of our time. It portends a near future when philosophy in this country may stop trying to produce second-rate imitations of science and by returning to its own field, the human life-world, may once again become an inquiry that matters to living men.

When the Gods Were Displaced

"The Greek Philosophers," by Rex Warner *(Mentor. 240 pp. 50¢ paperback.) and* ***"Athenian Democracy," by A.H.M. Jones*** *(Praeger. 198 pp. $5), are both about the intellectual life of ancient Greece. They are reviewed by C. A. Robinson, Jr., professor of classics at Brown University.*

By C. A. Robinson, Jr.

—Jacket illustration for "The Greek Philosophers."

REX WARNER'S "The Greek Philosophers" is neither an anthology nor a text about ancient philosophy, but rather a series of essays on specific Greek philosophers, each followed at once by excerpts from the individual's thought. This is a happy idea, for it permits Warner to present an exceptionally interesting and instructive summary of a large and complex subject. Fortunately, his book possesses the twin virtues of clarity and simplicity. Moreover, Warner makes the ancients live and, being able to speak in present-day terms, relates them occasionally to the twentieth century.

Warner commences with the great scientific, or philosophical, revolution during the sixth century B.C. in Ionia, the western littoral of Asia Minor, and shows how the tough intellectualism of the Greeks developed and culminated in Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. Then came the slow change, perhaps because of unfavorable political conditions, through Epicureanism and Stoicism to the Neo-Platonist Plotinus, who invited the revolutionary Greco-Roman world of the third century A.D. to abandon reason and embrace mystical belief. Altogether it makes a grand sweep of about nine centuries.

"A grand sweep of about nine centuries."

At the beginning, then, stands Thales of Miletus. The distance between him and a modern atomic physicist, Warner observes, is less great than the distance between Thales and the whole history of civilization before him. This is true in the sense that in displacing the gods by natural causation Thales took the all-important step from mythology and theology to science and philosophy, a change that has proved to be the most momentous revolution in the intellectual history of mankind.

For various reasons—among them the lack of scientific instruments and the rise of democracy—the Greeks turned during the extraordinary fifth century B.C. from the examination of nature to that of man. It was an excellent decision on Warner's part, especially when one considers the vast body of literature available to him, to illustrate his points on Socrates and Plato not by scrappy fragments, but by extended excerpts. This gives us the chance to watch real argument develop and to catch an understanding of Socrates's method of inquiry. First we get, from Plato's "Republic," the famous image of the Cave, the home of illusion and error, which we must leave if we are to achieve a notion of the good life and thus bring the hope of order to a distracted world. In this way we do indeed grasp the full significance of progressive philosophical enlightenment. And then, in the "Meno," we are confronted with the fundamental question, what is virtue, and can it be taught? As for the excerpts in general, it would have been helpful, I think, if Warner had not ended chapters with them, but had tied the various topics together with further comments.

Rex Warner's book deserves and will receive the acclaim of a wide audience. On the other hand, "Athenian Democracy," by A. H. M. Jones, a professor of ancient history at the University of Cambridge, is addressed primarily to scholars and the truly serious layman. Such readers will be full of awe and admiration for Professor Jones's deep learning. Basing his remarks squarely on the ancient evidence—inscriptions, orators, historians, philosophers—he brilliantly reconstructs the size of the Athenian population, its social and economic classes, points of view and political functions. In short, he gives us a clear picture of the actual machinery of the Athenian democratic government in the fifth and fourth centuries B.C.

I cannot help wondering, however, whether some of Professor Jones's basic conclusions may not be further debated. For example, was Athenian slavery as relatively pleasant as he suggests; was the imperial tribute quite so unimportant in the economy; above all, must we say that the crimes of the Athenians as portrayed by the great contemporary historian, Thucydides of Athens, are to be attributed in considerable part to Thucydides's faulty estimate and uncharitable view of his native city? As I have said, it is all fairly specialized, and the general reader should at least commence his survey of ancient Greece with Sir Maurice Bowra's recent and wonderful "The Greek Experience."

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Design and Designer

"Revelation Through Reason," by Errol E. Harris *(Yale University Press. 158 pp. $4), is a study of religion and its relationship to scientific philosophy which attempts to resolve the tensions between these two spheres of human thought. Our reviewer, John H. Hick, is a professor of philosophy at Cornell University and the author of "Faith and Knowledge."*

By John H. Hick

TO MANY contemporary scientists, religion is outmoded and childish superstition. To many people of religious faith, on the other hand, science promotes a materialistic outlook which stifles the soul and releases as well energies which threaten to annihilate the body. Millions live in sight of these two opposed positions, acknowledging some truth in each while facing intellectually in two different directions.

Any genuine resolution of the pervasive tension between these two divided hemispheres of human thought must therefore be profoundly welcome to many; and it is just such a resolution that Professor Harris claims to offer. Science and religion, rightly understood, he argues, are ultimately identical. "Religion," he says, "seeks to reveal the truth, and so do science and philosophy; and the truth is all-inclusive and ultimately one. . . . Both claim our total allegiance, both penetrate every detail of our lives; it must surely follow that they are both the same. Religion, in short, is the name for one's total conscious attitude toward life, as it is formed and enlightened by rational awareness and knowledge. Science in the narrower sense is an integral and indispensable factor in this, and in the wider sense which includes philosophy it is identical with it."

However, such a statement at once provokes grave misgivings lest science and religion are being reconciled merely by divesting religion of all that makes its claims both momentous and disputable. If religion "is the name for one's total conscious attitude towards life, as it is formed and enlightened by rational awareness and knowledge" then there is naturally no scope for dispute between scientists and religious believers, since all scientists are by definition religious. As Mr. Harris says in the further unfolding of his thought, "the only real atheist is the total sceptic, who alone would be devoid of religion. But the total sceptic could consistently entertain no belief, he could perform no deliberately chosen action and could not live any kind of intelligible life"—and, in short, atheists, in Mr. Harris's sense, are people who either are, or ought to be, in institutions for the mentally defective. But then one wonders why prophets and saints, apostles, martyrs, and missionaries have been at so much trouble to witness to the truth of religion, if its truth is as obvious and uncontroversial as Mr. Harris implies that it is.

Surely Mr. Harris's argument has floated loose from the facts. To avoid the possibility of dispute between religion and nonreligion by defining the former so widely that virtually every conceivable standpoint is to be counted as religious is to save the word "religion" by jettisoning the reality. For the distinctive religious claim, at least in its Judaic and Christian forms, is that God exists as a real Being; that His purpose for mankind entails the highest fulfillment and happiness of man's God-given nature; and that within this divine purpose we have been summoned to a life of worship and obedience. Now all this may or may not be true; but it is certainly not true merely by definition. It is not a triviality such as no reasonable person would ever dream of doubting. In short, religion makes far greater and more fatefully important claims than Mr. Harris's treatment allows.

IT MAY be that this evolutionary theism, long supposed in most quarters to be defunct, has life in it after all. If anyone can resuscitate such a philosophy, it should be Mr. Harris, who is already the author of an important larger work, "Nature, Mind, and Modern Science," which borders on this field. But the present small book can hardly be said to do for Evolutionary Theism what needs to be done if the theory is to have a future: nor, I fear, can it be said to provide more than a spurious resolution of the tensions between science and religion.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Jean Jacques Rousseau: "The Social Contract." 2. René Descartes: "Discourse on Method." 3. Thomas à Kempis: "The Imitation of Christ." 4. Ralph Waldo Emerson: "Essays." 5. Plato: "The Republic." 6. St. Augustine: "Confessions." 7. Immanuel Kant: "Critique of Pure Reason." 8. Marcus Aurelius: "Meditations." 9. David Hume: "An Enquiry Concerning Human Understanding." 10. St. Thomas Aquinas: "On the Governance of Rulers."

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***SR*'s Accent on Education Issue**

Mason-Dixon Line

Continued from page 23

University has provided an introduction and foreword to the essays that give an admirable proportion to this volume. He keeps Henry in perspective at all times—keeps him growing, maturing, and mellowing as far as any Adams ever could or should. For a while it became unfashionable to give the Adamses the attention they once enjoyed, but unmistakably an Adams revival is astir. The two-volume biography of John Quincy Adams by Samuel Flagg Bemis has been a landmark to guide others onward; in a biography of Brooks Adams, talented Arthur Beringause gave a sampling of the fresh leads contained in the Adams papers; and these essays surely must lead still others back to a re-examination of the truly remarkable Henry.

A Lancelot for Little Rock

"The Southern Heritage," by James McBride Dabbs *(Knopf. 249 pp. $4), is a Southerner's hopeful view of both desegregation and industrialization in the South.* SR*'s reviewer is Jonathan Daniels, editor of the Raleigh, North Carolina,* News & Observer *and author of many books about the new and the old South. "Prince of Carpetbaggers," published last June, is his most recently released title.*

By Jonathan Daniels

EVERY now and then on forays to the North I run into the notion that liberals on the race issue are intimidated to quietness in the South. That is a contemporary legend at least as fantastic as the one to the effect that all white Southerners once sat on wide piazzas and listened through the liveoaks to the contented singing of the happy slaves—or, on the other extreme, that in the same period every field hand looked furtively above his hoe toward the North Star and freedom. The fact today is that, regardless of persuasion on the question of race, the Southerner will talk your ear off if he gets the chance. A greater danger than subdued silence is garrulousness unrestrained. The problem with the Southerner, from radical to reactionary, is not to get him to talk, but to stop him.

A lot of it is good talk, too. There is often rhetoric in irrational reaction. And there is moving poetry in the gentle, logical, loving, informed writing of such a man as James McBride Dabbs. He has given us a testament of faith that the South is most hurt by segregation and may yet face, with old gallantry and courage, a new opportunity for equality. No one can question Mr. Dabbs's Southernness. No place is more Southern than his Mayesville, South Carolina, where he was born and where he has now retired from teaching to think and write and farm.

I suspect that he is respected there today as was, in 1861, old James Louis Petigru, who said that South Carolina was too small to be a republic and too big to be a lunatic asylum. It is understood, however, that as a man writing as president of the liberal Southern Regional Council on a grant by the Fund for the Republic, he speaks for few of his neighbors—though perhaps for more of them than Southern politicians would lead us to think.

Certainly, as a man who has written much about segregation for *The Christian Century*, Mr. Dabbs has faced the great issue with courage and gallantry. More important, he has faced it with a knowledge of Southern people and Southern history. He has brought erudition, affection, and occasional provocative wit to his testament. Unfortunately, however, I had the feeling that Mr. Dabbs was steadily preaching to the already converted. His writing is on a level far above the heads of most of the Southerners whose gallantry he would invoke. And sometimes I felt that he proposed a new heaven on an old earth in plans for a South both industrialized and desegregated, where most men hope only for an easing of tensions and a progress short of the miraculous in good will.

MIRACLES do happen, however. Twenty years before Mr. Dabbs was born in Mayesville, Mary McLeod Bethune was born there. To her death, as a great evangel for her race, she looked like a creature who had just come from the back of the canebrake. Perhaps Mr. Dabbs, who is an erudite gentleman facing the red necks and the wool hat boys, as well as the country club sets and the Citizens Councils, will accomplish as much. But I had the feeling as I read his book that a shorter sermon might have saved more Southern souls.

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Senate on "Surrender"

Continued from page 16

pretation of a research study made for the Air Force by the Rand Corporation—a study which is publicly available in a book.

The authoritative denials from the White House and the Senate minority leader, Senator William F. Knowland of California, might have been expected to satisfy the patriotic indignation which had been stirred on Capitol Hill by the false alarm. At least, hearings might have been expected, in order to determine just how far the studies by our planning agencies range in contemplating all the conceivable combinations of circumstances that might face the National Security Council in some future crisis.

But nothing would do short of the Senate's formally voting, after hours of oratory, that no funds should be spent to study what is in fact not being studied—the unspeakable contingency of conditions which might result in the surrender of the United States.

In vain did John Sherman Cooper, Republican Senator from Kentucky and President Eisenhower's first ambassador to India, point out that such a vote could have implications exactly contrary to those intended—the implication that, except for the prohibitions of a vigilant and militant Senate, some one now or in the future in charge of this Government would plan to surrender the United States. "I cannot accept that implication," Senator Cooper said.

For one other Senator, that decided the question of whether political prudence made dissent impossible. My mind was made up, then and there. John Sherman Cooper's words inevitably convey a reassuring sense of sincerity and conviction. He reminds me of a Canadian Mounted Police sergeant I once met in the Arctic, who had slogged alone 3,500 miles on snowshoes in pursuit of an Eskimo murderer. Once I had listened to this taciturn man, I knew he had in fact performed such a feat. Doubts about it were gone.

Other Senators added their voices in recognition and regret of the needless dilemma which Senator Cooper had deplored. By thus building the molehill into a mountain, the Senate could hardly escape creating an opportunity for the Soviet propaganda machine. Yet, when the Senate reading clerk recapitulated the roll-call, 88 votes had been cast to prohibit President Eisenhower's civilian advisers and military chiefs of staff from undertaking any study or plans contemplating the contingency of a surrender of the United States—at the risk of having their pay cut off.

And, now, what has the Senate in fact accomplished?

The kind of study and analysis that goes into strategic and foreign-policy planning is the most awesome responsibility which can face a nation's leaders. To limit its permissible scope and hypotheses by a rider on an appropriation bill makes as much sense, in today's world, as if the Congress sought to legislate the orbit of an earth satellite or the permissible density and drift of a hydrogen bomb's fallout. These things, alas, are beyond legislative fiat. The proponents of the amendment argued that no study of military surrender is to be barred, short of the complete surrender of the U. S. Government. Yet can legislation intelligently fence off in this way the permissible limits of national-security planning—to be policed by budget officers and sleuths from the General Accounting Office? There are twilight zones in which the surrender of an army is indistinguishable from the surrender of a government. When the valiant General Robert E. Lee surrendered at Appomattox, the whole South was surrendered.

SOME Senators proclaimed defiantly that the word "surrender" was not in their vocabularies. Does this indicate that Senators are braver than General Jonathan Wainwright and his beleaguered troops on Corregidor? Racked by fever, with his quinine gone, cut off from food and ammunition, General Wainwright bitterly discovered that the word surrender had to be part of *his* vocabulary! In those last days and hours before such a tragic moment, would the officers on the staffs of General Lee or General Wainwright, whose duty it was to plan the conditions and the manner of the final decision, have been deterred by a Senatorial pronouncement that for such planning they would never be paid? Could anything be more ludicrously inappropriate and out of scale than the magnitude of this issue, and the sanction imposed to deal with it in the rider to cut off funds? Was Custer fighting at the Little Big Horn for a paycheck?

The average age of U. S. Senators is 56 or 57. In its air-conditioned chamber, can the Senate decide what may be planned for babes and infants so that, regardless of the dreadful weapons that may be conceived or the lethal sprays which may descend from the skies, these young Americans who have barely tasted life on earth must perish before anyone in their government may even contemplate some other contingency? This is the quintessence of "old men for council, young men for war."

The specific report from the *Post-Dispatch* had been clarified. No hearings were held on the larger questions raised. Yet, confronted with this sparse and negative record on the one hand, and the rallying cries of patriotism on the other, the Senate went on record against that abhorrent word, "surrender." I thought of the criticism which was voiced by some when the armed services first announced, after GI's began to return from North Korean Communist prison camps, that in the future U. S. soldiers would be trained to withstand the ordeals of brainwashing. Under the theory being voiced in the Senate, ought we to cut off funds for such training because it implies the possibility that young Americans might surrender to Communist foes?

Of course, even in the throes of patriotic indignation, Senators do not so completely close their eyes to the realities of military combat. Yet no such realistic consideration was given the kind of freedom of study and planning which must—as a matter of fundamental principle—be granted to the highest policy makers for our national security. On the basis of unfounded rumor, the Senate voted to invade that principle—without hearings, heedless of the implications of distrust and lack of confidence, blithely overlooking that if the tragic contingency of final surrender should ever stare us in the face, such planning as remains will be determined by stark realities and not by the availability of authorized appropriations. At least, said the Senate, if the day comes when plans for such an ultimate disaster must be studied, it will be over the prohibition we wrote into the Supplemental Appropriations Act of 1959. The Senate didn't surrender!

For some years now, many Americans have been congratulating themselves on the ebbing of the remaining legacy of the McCarthy era. Would Congress ever again succumb to sudden hysteria or political fright over an issue carrying overtones which might lend themselves to unscrupulous exploitation in a later political campaign—when, for example, a vote against "outlawing surrender" might be hard to explain? Yet the spy-chasers of yesteryear could at least point to evidence given at committee hearings, and to proof of espionage and other ominous elements of the Communist conspiracy. Was the vote "against surrender" not a bigger stampede? It merely chased a jack-o'-lantern rather than Dracula.

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Revolution in Bohemia

Continued from page 15

to maturity another, quite different group of artists and writers who have been quietly brewing a revolt of their own.

The New Artist—and for the moment this is the only appropriate name for him—is rebelling against the very anarchy and nihilism which has characterized the old Bohemian. It is too soon to determine anything definite about this new movement but in general it seems to be taking the form of a search for a set of common standards of civilization or common moral values; in painting, it appears to be a search for a stronger, deeper communication between modern man and the environment in which he now finds himself.

This search is probably as old as mankind, but the distinction that gives this one a special importance to us is its new orientation. The Bohemian's thinking was always strongly influenced by Europe—it still is. But the serious artists and intellectuals of America have rejected Europe as a model; it is no longer the source of their inspiration and guidance. The New Artist is looking toward the Orient.

WHAT sort of configuration does the New Artist follow? So far it has taken the form of the tweedy informality and the neatly-trimmed beard of the person who has become aware that the conscious pose of style is no less sincere and no less alien to human nature than the equally conscious pose of Naturalism.

It is the task of the artist to construct for us that mileau of symbolic sounds, words, and images which complements our natural environment, and which gives us a more satisfactory participation in that environment. This task can only be achieved by the public's acceptance of the artist's role. And there are signs to indicate that this development is taking place. The false notion of the artist as a Bohemian, an irresponsible rebel, who manages to create works of art by spontaneous inspiration alone, is finally dying out.

The Bohemian served a useful purpose in his day, and, while we may sigh over his passing, we are just as glad his day is over because it means that we are finally on the way to producing that cultural climate in which the Bohemian will be unnecessary and the artist will take his place as a useful and respected member of society.

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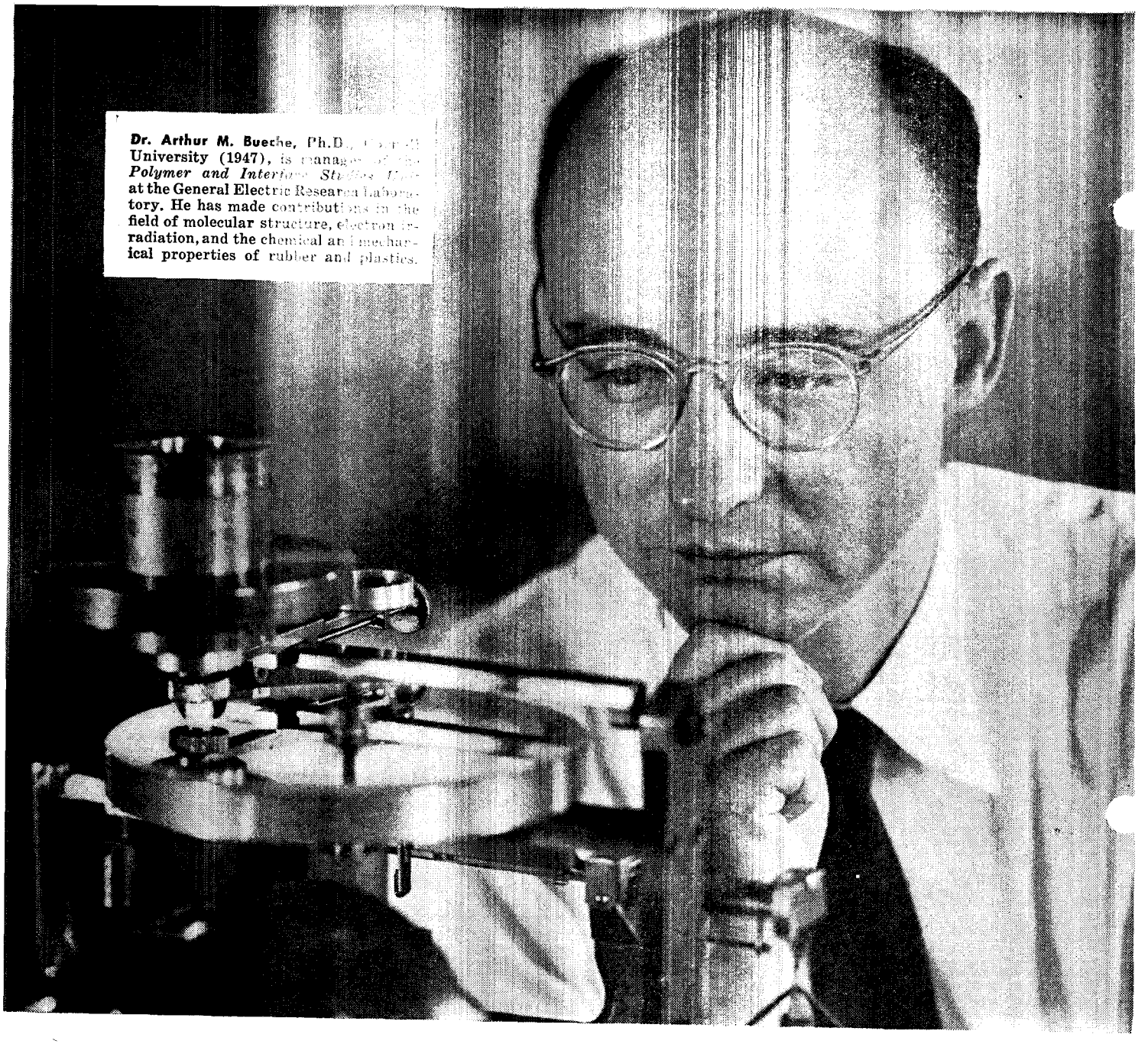

Dr. Arthur M. Bueche, Ph.D., [illegible] University (1947), is manager of the *Polymer and Interface Studies Unit* at the General Electric Research Laboratory. He has made contributions in the field of molecular structure, electron irradiation, and the chemical and mechanical properties of rubber and plastics.

A deep look at friction

General Electric's Dr. A. M. Bueche explains basic facts about materials in moving contact

Scientists recently have observed substantial differences in the rolling speed of steel balls on materials that have essentially identical surfaces but are dissimilar in their internal structure. Thus *friction*, which usually has been considered to be purely a *surface phenomenon*, is now known to be dependent also on the *bulk mechanical properties* observed "beneath the surface" of the materials involved.

Dr. Arthur M. Bueche and his associates at the General Electric Research Laboratory have developed new fundamental theories explaining these surprising friction effects. Their work, which also includes basic studies in surface chemistry, is giving new insight into a problem that has harassed designers and engineers ever since men first began making machines with moving parts.

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DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letters to the Science Editor • Science in Books • Personality Portrait—XXX • The Research Frontier

ARTICLES: Coming to Terms With The Cosmos

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

- *GLOWROPE*
- *THE SCIENCE OF PEACE*
- *HOW IS A BABY?*

THE photograph at our masthead this month was not intended to be spooky. The picture had to be taken in darkness if it were to tell its story effectively. The story is not easy to believe. The gist of it is that light can be carried on a rope, through all the coils and turns that a rope can make, and then be beamed from the rope's end at any object it may be desirable to illuminate.

This particular kind of rope is made of glass. It is the subject of extensive experiments at the Armour Research Foundation of Illinois Institute of Technology in Chicago. One experiment is depicted above. Readers who think they see the fold of a turban on the experimenter's forehead are correct. He is an Indian-born physicist, Dr. Narinder S. Kapany, supervisor of optics in Armour's physics research department. The source of light is to the left at the bottom of the picture, and Dr. Kapany is holding one end of the glass rope against it with his right hand. The rope itself can be seen glowing between his right hand and his left hand, the thumb and forefinger of which are turning the rope's end back toward the camera.

What may look to the uninitiated to be a mere parlor trick is actually an exploration of the possibilities of a new branch of the science of optics, known as fiber optics. Each glass fiber in the rope carries a separate image of a distinct segment of whatever is being conveyed, whether it be a beam of pure light or the reflection of an object illuminated by a light beam. This discreteness would enable a photograph or a map or a written or typed word message to be scrambled and transmitted as a scramble. Such intelligence could be radioed without fear of detection by any interceptor who did not know the code used by the scrambler.

Unscrambled images could be carried piecemeal from the receptor tubes of TV to a TV screen with much less loss of light than occurs in present-day methods of TV picturemaking. In some experiments, the Armour people say the glass rope has achieved picture effects one hundred times the brightness attainable by older methods of photography.

Far more exciting from the human point of view is the apparent possibility of using the light-carrying rope to examine the interior of the body to detect cancers and other anomalies in regions to which instruments with fixed lenses are now "blind."

• • •

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S offer of late August to cease nuclear bomb test explosions if the Russians agree to certain conditions is related, perhaps to a substantial extent, to the appointment last November 7 of an Assistant President of the United States for Science and Technology. And it can be said with assurance that the move is only the first in implementation of a new policy toward employment of the international traditions of science in the nature of our dealings with the Soviet Union.

This is what logically might have been expected from the man we introduced to our readers when Dr. James Rhyne Killian, Jr. was summoned to the White House from the presidency of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In those Sputnik-harried days we found the new Assistant President not only an intensely busy man but a determinedly reticent one, and we drew the flavor of his personality less from personal contact with him than from careful reading of speeches and essays he had written. Since he had begun his career as editor of the *Technology Review* at MIT, and had distinguished himself as an appreciator of literary style, it was easy to put his own words together into a sharply focussed image. The image was that of a poet who happened to be a scientist and who saw or felt nothing contradictory in his being so.

In drawing this likeness, we used four Killian quotations as perspective points. One of these deplored the "barbarian infiltration" of propaganda that science "endangers man's nobler aims and ends." A second stated the conviction that the scientist, like any specialist, "must be politically and morally responsible; he must test his actions by their human impact." The third was an observation that "peaceful applications (of science) are far more important to our security in the long run . . . than augmenting military strength." And the last was an expression of belief that science, through its oblivion to political boundaries in the search for truth, "can be a powerful agent in promoting peace among nations."

This image of Dr. Killian was entirely unfamiliar to the American people. They knew practically nothing

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about him except that the Lincoln Laboratory at MIT had designed a continent-wide battle machine in which electronic "brains" directed automatic fire of missiles at regions of sky where enemy invaders would be at the time the missiles got there. But an MIT faculty member offered a small wager that if Killian stayed at the White House more than a few months everything we had said about him would be borne out in action.

The months passed. Killian stayed. Then, in an entirely different connection, we lunched with physicist Hans Bethe on the Cornell University campus in Ithaca, N. Y., on Saturday, April 12. Anticipating a conversation about the stars, we were surprised to find ourself listening to talk about peace among men.

"Earth satellites and missiles are a very small and relatively unimportant part of science," the professor told us in the interview we reported in SR/Research for May. "The attention they have attracted has exaggerated the comparative scientific strength of Russia and the United States. Their very existence, however, makes it clear that we cannot expect to dominate the Russians. We have to learn to live with them. If we are to live with them in peace, we must relieve the tensions which now exist in the world. I believe we could make a start by having a moratorium on nuclear bomb tests. A moratorium wouldn't solve any great problem. It wouldn't be too important in itself. But it would be a beginning."

Professor Bethe explained that if we had met just one week earlier, he couldn't have discussed a moratorium. It was a confidential item then in the deliberations of the Science Advisory Committee which reports to President Eisenhower through Assistant President Killian's office. Professor Bethe was a member of the Committee and chairman of its panel on the feasibility of monitoring nuclear explosions.

"At this moment the Russians for their own reasons want to relieve tensions," he declared. "We ought to act while they are receptive."

"Why, then, don't we have the moratorium? What's the problem?" we asked him, and he replied:

"Until Dr. Killian's appointment to the White House, the President himself was the only man there with a broad view. All of the advisors he turned to on arms questions were in the Pentagon or the Atomic Energy Commission. They wouldn't be doing their jobs if they didn't oppose a moratorium. Perhaps a different Secretary. . . . The professor caught himself. "Dr. Killian," he said, "is consulted on many questions of state. Everyone trusts him. His opinions carry great weight."

No doubt the cabinet member whom Professor Bethe was on the point of mentioning that April afternoon was Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. Dulles for a long time had been sympathetic to the views of the then chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, Lewis Strauss and Strauss's protege Edward Teller, who doesn't believe any kind of living arrangement with the Soviets is possible. The longer Killian stayed at the White House, the further Dulles moved away from Teller and Strauss. The first open evidence of the split with the AEC was the Secretary's cooperation with Killian in restoring a Science Adviser to the State Department. The growing division was confirmed by Strauss's retirement from the AEC and shortly thereafter Teller's resignation from the Science Advisory Committee.

It would be inaccurate to suggest that the influence of the American scientific community, focused through Dr. Killians office, was alone responsible for what came about. Larger domestic and foreign political forces were also in motion. But the views of the Assistant President for Science provided a sound technical base from which a broad public sentiment could make itself felt.

Hans Bethe was one of the two Science Advisory Committee members who successfully negotiated the nuclear test monitoring specifications with Russian scientists at Geneva. The words the President used in appraising those negotiations are a close paraphrase of the words Professor Bethe used in talking to us last April. "An agreement (to suspend nuclear weapons tests) is significant," the President said in his public statement, "if it leads to other and more agreements. It is in this hope that the United States makes this proposal."

• • •

THERE has been a happy conjunction in timing between the work of Dr. Killian's office and the United Nations's two-year study of biological effects of radiation. The UN findings were announced on August 10. They substantially confirmed what *The Saturday Review* has been saying repeatedly: Nuclear bomb fallout cannot be disregarded as a danger to world health.

How extensive the threat is—that is, how many people are doomed by the ashes of a given bomb of a particular size—remains to be determined by further research. But there can no longer be any honest question that the smallest amount of exposure to radiation does alter genetic structure and thus visits the penalties for this generation's carelessness on future generations. At what point immediate physical damage to those now living begins is still debatable; but the damage certainly occurs.

The Russians tried to put sharp teeth into the UN report with a concluding paragraph demanding termination of nuclear weapons tests at once. This effort was voted down, and the face the report presented to the public bore so many qualifying features as to seem at first glance almost innocuous. But there was a hidden political reality that helped to move President Eisenhower.

The Marines in Lebanon had become a diplomatic liability for the United States, and an Afro-Asian neutral bloc of twenty-eight UN votes was floating between the East and the West. Which way would the bloc go? Hardly toward any accommodation for the West in absence of some recognition of the implications of the radiation report to rice-eating populations of the world.

Rice-eaters, the report had pointed out, run five to six times as much risk from Strontium 90 as do milk-drinkers. In Western countries, Strontium 90 from fallout enters man's body by way of the soil through green plants that are eaten by cows. At each step in this process, nature filters out some of the radioactive poison. Rice eaters have no such filter to protect them. They swallow the Strontium 90 directly in their rice.

There was no real hope, then, for any prompt resolution of the Near Eastern crisis without at least a gesture toward nuclear bomb test suspension.

• • •

THE Atomic Energy Commission pretended that the UN report amounted to concurrence in the AEC's approach to the fallout threat. And newspaper editors of the country allowed the false pretense to pass unchallenged. In truth, the tone of the UN findings was an implied rebuke to the AEC's pollyanna attitude.

• • •

HOW is a baby born?

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THE EDITORS

GEORGE SCHWARTZ, Fellow of the New York Academy of Science, is a prominent science educator. *PHILIP W. BISHOP*, Head Curator, Department of Arts and Manufactures, U.S. National Museum, Smithsonian Institution.

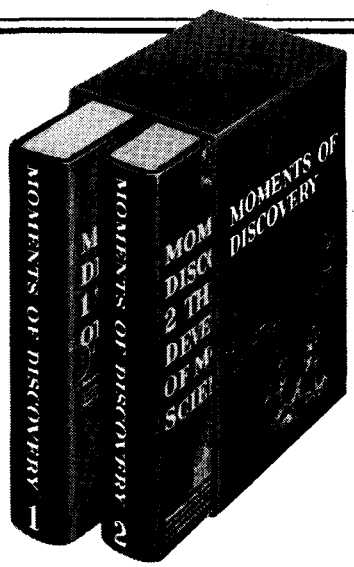
THIS unique two-volume set brings together the personal, first hand accounts of the dramatic "moments of discovery" that have contributed to the advance of science — from its beginnings in the ancient world to the present day. These epochmaking discoveries take on new significance when re-created in the actual words of the men who made them, providing meaningful new insights into the nature and growth of science.

How, for example, did the minds of the great astronomers actually work? Tycho Brahe, writing in 1572, begins: ". . . in the evening . . . I noticed that a new and unusual star . . . was shining directly over my head where there never before had been any star.".

Or, what was it like to peer into the new world of the microscope in the 17th century? Van Leeuwenhoek delightedly reports ". . . many little animalcules very prettily a-moving . . . sometimes stuck out two little horns." Van Leeuwenhoek did not realize their significance, but the reader of MOMENTS OF DISCOVERY — thanks to the editors' commentary — more fully appreciates the importance of the achievement in a broad scientific perspective.

You relive with Edward Jenner the first fateful test of his smallpox vaccine: ". . . I selected a healthy boy about eight years old, for the purpose of inoculating for the cowpox. The matter was taken from a sore on the hand of a dairymaid, who was infected by her master's cows, and it was inserted, on the fourteenth day of May 1796, into the arm of the boy."

In MOMENTS OF DISCOVERY, nearly one hundred such great events in science are brought to life in the words and drawings of the scientists themselves. Scarcely a name or discovery of consequence has been omitted. Aristotle and Archimedes . . . Geber and Agricola . . . Galileo, Newton, Cavendish, Halley, Thomson and others.



More than one fourth of the boxed set is devoted to biographical, cultural and historical commentaries by the editors which amplify the meaning of the achievements of the great scientists. Through them, the reader is afforded an accurate perspective from which to relate past scientific accomplishments to contemporary progress, problems, prospects and to the unity of science itself.

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That is really all science knows.

This knowledge can, of course, be stated at greater length. Indeed, it was, in the July 1958 issue of—note the distinctly unmedical name of the publication—*The Review of Scientific Instruments.*

"The mechanisms by which the fetus is expelled from the mother's uterus involve a complex array of biochemical and physical processes," wrote Thomas I. Marx of the Midwest Research Institute of Kansas City and Charles A. Hunter, Jr., of the University of Kansas School of Medicine. "One of the most salient features of this process is that the fetus is forced into the world by the mechanical power exerted by the uterine muscles."

But they, too, had to say:

"At the present time, the manner in which these uterine muscles are controlled is largely obscure."

Since too many babies are killed by abnormal physical forces exerted by the uterus upon the fetus during labor and delivery, doctors are eager to assuage their ignorance of the mechanisms involved. Research has been undertaken in the last few years in a new discipline of biophysics called *tokodynamometry*—the measurement of uterine forces.

In their July report, Marx and Hunter described a *tokodynamometer* (TKD) they are testing at Kansas University Medical Center. It corresponds very roughly to a telegraph key that is taped lightly on a pregnant woman's abdomen.

The TKD operates on the following set of principles: First, when muscles contract, they shorten. Since the uterine muscles encircle the uterus, when one or a group of them contracts, it causes a change in the curvature of that part of the uterus and the abdominal wall above. As the abdomen adjusts, the movement is amplified and recorded on a graph. By comparing the graph curves, contractions of different parts of the uterus can be correlated.

"The purpose of this investigation," Marx and Hunter explain, "is directed towards the evaluation of the effects of various drugs and anesthetic agents on the uterine contractions in normal and abnormal labor. . . . The work is aimed at improving contraction patterns . . . by the use of drugs."

• • •

THE first American attempt to shoot a rocket around the Moon failed long before the rocket reached the real problem areas of its projected trip. The vehicle blew up just one minute off the ground. The newspapers left it there, and the lay public still has no conception of the intricacies that would have been involved in the remaining 3,359 minutes of a Moonward passage.

The Air Force has played coy about the details, but at least a good approximation of them can be read in past reports of the Rand Corporation. Rand is a research laboratory at Santa Monica, California, which operates independently as a military brain. Some of the finest mathematicians and operations research specialists in the country are on its staff. In May 1956 one of those staffers, George H. Clement, wrote a paper entitled The Moon Rocket.

Clement postulated a three-stage voyage, only the first stage of which would be powered. The second stage would be taken over by the gravitational pull of the Earth and then by the pull of the Moon. The third stage would be a braking stage involving a reverse rocket.

Having thus accomplished one reduction in the formidable math equations of a Moon trip, Clement cut complications again by arbitrarily assuming an altitude of 350 miles above the Earth as the point at which the rocket's power should be cut off.

At that altitude, any speed greater than 35,165 feet per second would carry the vehicle out of Earth's gravity field, never to return. At any speed less than 35,165 feet per second, the rocket would sooner or later come back to Earth unless it collided with the Moon or another body en route. To coast across the quarter million miles which separate the Earth from the Moon, the rocket would have to be traveling 34,800 feet per second when its last motor quit.

The duration of the trip to the Moon would vary, naturally, with the rocket's speed: at 34,800 feet per second, four days plus; at 35,000 feet per second, two-and-a-half days; at 35,500 feet per second, one-and-a-half days.

Clement picked 35,000 feet per second as a desirable speed, and a takeoff angle of 108 degrees at an altitude of 350 miles above the Earth. To hit the Moon at any point on its face, he found, the velocity could vary no more than eighty-five feet per second. But if the rocket's velocity could be held within those narrow limits, the voyage would be completed in two-and-a-third days. Starting in a direction considerably behind the Moon, the vehicle would curve in its course under the influence of Earth's gravitational field so that after the first half day the heading would be in almost a straight line toward where the Moon would be two days later.

Since American space scientists are now virtually committed to avoid a crash landing on the Moon (for fear of contaminating the satellite's atmosphere and so perhaps destroying a record of past life in the solar system), the actual complexities of the pending Moon voyage (four more tries are scheduled, two by the Air Force; two by the Army) are barely suggested by Clement's paper. Another Rand report, written by H. A. Lieske in February 1957, probably gives a more realistic picture. According to Lieske's calculations, a rocket that doesn't hit the Moon but merely circles it and comes back to Earth may not get closer to the Moon than 80,000 miles and may not return to Earth until as long as twenty days after it is expected. If it is to land within 1,000 miles of any chosen spot on Earth, the rocket's initial velocity cannot vary more than *three inches* per second. Merely to bring the vehicle back anywhere on the Earth's surface would require control ten times as precise as that achieved with Vanguard.

There is a third Rand study which may be even more to the point than the others. Written by Robert W. Buchheim in June 1956, it analyzes the problems of turning a rocket into a moon-for-the-Moon.

The initial speed for this maneuver would be in the same 35,000 feet per second neighborhood. The rocket would pass 1,000 miles above the Moon's surface 2.12 days after leaving Earth. At that point, the vehicle's velocity would be 7707 feet per second, far too fast to permit an orbit around the Moon. Somehow the speed must be cut sharply to somewhere between 5,338 and 3,280 feet per second. Only a reversing rocket, carried along for the purpose, could be so effective a brake. If its fuel were solid, the brake-rocket skin would have to be fabricated to fit the time of the month and thus the period during which the Moon rocket's travel path would lie in full sunlight. If the brake were to act evenly, the carrier rocket could not be allowed to roll during its several days of travel. The braking rocket could not be fired by a preset clock because the carrier vehicle might be as much as four hours late in reaching the Moon's neighborhood. Someone will release the brake by pushing a button at the right moment in Hawaii. Why Hawaii? Because that archipelago will be in a straight line of sight with the Moon when the rocket is due 1,000 miles off the Moon's face.

What happens after that depends, among other things, on the purpose of the trip. Is this to be merely an exploratory look at the far side of the

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Moon—the hemisphere we never see? (Actually, we do see almost a tenth of it as the Moon wobbles back and forth in its orbit, and astronomers have charted craters even beyond that peripheral region by calculating the extensions of beams of light that are reflected over the horizon). Such an exploration is hardly better than a publicity stunt. Scientists take it for granted that one half of the Moon cannot be too different in its cosmically meaningful characteristics than the other half. But if that's all the military has in mind, the job can be done by equipping the rocket with a pair of electric eyes to distinguish light from darkness and radio the picture back to Earth.

Far more valuable scientifically would be a Moon satellite that would stay in orbit and be observed long enough to give us accurate information about the magnetic field of the Moon. For this purpose, Rand staffer Buchheim noted, "it would be highly desirable to make it (the satellite) observable as a passive body—its useful life could then be essentially endless." "One way to enhance the visibility," he pointed out, would be "to arrange the design so that the vehicle, once on orbit, is made into a white reflecting thin-walled metal sphere."

Aluminum foil one ten-thousandth of an inch thick would do for the skin of this sphere. How big should the sphere be? Big enough to be seen against the light of the full Moon. Since the magnitude of full moonlight is 12.55 on the astronomer's scale, the satellite's magnitude would have to be somewhere between ten and six. Translated into feet of diameter, this puts the satellite's size between 132 and 832 feet across.

• • •

MANY wonders of the sea have been brought to our attention since we devoted *SR/*RESEARCH for June to a study of the Earth as a water planet. Our favorite among these is the Barber of the Bahamas.

The Barber is a tiny blue and white shrimp that sets up shop on the head of a sea anemone, the flower-like coral whose petals are stinging tentacles. The tentacles guard the shop against possible invasion by jealous competitors while the Barber sits there and advertises his skills with an ancient forerunner of the modern terrestrial neon sign—blinker and all. Rocking back and forth, the enterprising tradesman swishes his theatrically long white antennae briskly through the water to attract passing customers.

Transient fish react to these enticements very much as men respond to

Courtesy Mount Wilson Observatory

FROM BEYOND THE SKY TO BENEATH THE SEAS

In the field of communications, two extraordinary events have occurred within a short span of time. One was the linking of Europe to America by the submarine telephone cable. The other was the sending of radio signals from U. S. satellites in outer space.

Both achievements depended on developments from Bell Telephone Laboratories. The cable was made possible by development of long-life electron tube amplifiers able to withstand crushing pressure on the ocean floor. The satellites derive their radio voices from transistors — products of basic research in semiconductor physics.

The deep sea amplifier and the transistor illustrate the wide range of work at Bell Telephone Laboratories. Here, over 3000 professional scientists and engineers explore and develop in physics, mathematics, electronics, chemistry, mechanical engineering, even biology—in every art and science which can help improve electrical communications.

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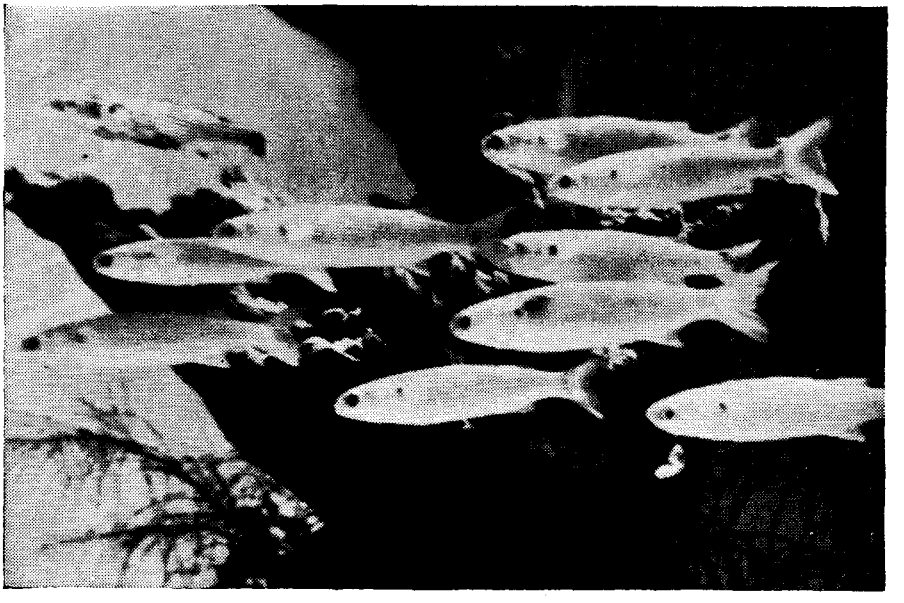

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the undulant coloured rings in an old-fashioned barber pole. They slow down and then stop. The one who is "next" puts himself confidently into the Barber's claws and assumes awkward postures in the water, not unlike the bendings and slumpings human barbershop clients go through in meeting the onslaught of clippers and razor.

The Barber of the finny world has been observed to be a gregarious character, which will surprise no man who has survived a land-locked haircut. He goes over each customer meticulously from head to tail, shaving off the often invisibly minute copecods—the socalled "lice of the sea"—which infest most of the better classes of oceanic inhabitants. The fish opens its gill cavities one at a time to allow the Barber to enter freely in pursuit of his work. That done, the customer opens first his mouth and then his throat. The Barber disappears from view as his task progresses. At last he emerges, and the fish swims off a cleaner and younger-looking individual.

Sometimes fish fight for the right to be "next" in the barber's chair. On occasions the battles are vicious. Better-behaved customers line up so solidly in front of the barber shop that the barber himself is not infrequently obliterated completely from view.

Discovery of the Barber of the Bahamas is credited by the Smithsonian Institution to Vern and Harry Pederson. Actual collection of a specimen that now graces the Smithsonian marine collection in Washington, D.C. was made a few months ago by Conrad Limbaugh of the Scrippps Institution of Oceanography at La Jolla, California.

The phenomenon of sea barbering has been described in the scientific literature often before, and is probably worldwide. The Bahama Barber's operation, however, is more highly organized than anything previously reported. The Barber keeps hours as regularly as his human brothers. Customer fish "showed a definite pattern in their daily arrival, obviously related to a diurnal patterned life. Longer term studies undoubtedly would have shown seasonal trends," Limbaugh said in a recent talk before the Western Society of Naturalists. That latter remark, we suppose, means that fish barbers have an easier time when some of the customers are on migration, much as landlubbing barbers enjoy a lull during the summer holidays. To make up for this slack period, the Barber of the Bahamas goes over as many as 300 fish in one six-hour stretch of daylight.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

NOT SO FARFETCHED

IN THE AUGUST 2ND issue, (Research in America) you have some comments about "moondust," which both interest me and puzzle me. As I first read the piece, I thought it meant that some scientists believe that if they could get some of the "moondust" they could experiment with it in an effort to "find the secret of life." After several readings, I realized that you do not say this, and I was relieved, because that sounded too farfetched.

The quotation, "to assess the prebiotic synthesis of organic compounds," doesn't clear things up because I don't know whether it assumed that there was synthesis of organic compounds before life existed, or whether it took place or not.

Could you elaborate a little on this question, in some future issue, for non-scientific minds?

EDWARD D. WILLIAMS.
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reader Williams was correct the first time. The belief is that cosmic dust has been falling on the surface of the Moon and piling up there at least as long as evolution of the universe has been in a sufficiently cool phase to permit life to spring from the cold chemistry of creation. It is assumed that some inanimate, sterile clay existed capable of being transformed into self-perpetuating organisms. The instrument of transformation may have been a lightning flash. Prof. Harold Urey and others have demonstrated in a test tube that electrical discharges can convert dead chemicals into amino acids, the so-called building blocks of life. The implications of finding missing links from this chain on the Moon are obvious. Astronomers generally expect to find life on other planets of other stars than our own Sun. The article beginning on page 51 is an elaboration of the question and man's rational response to it.*

GRATUITOUS COMPLIMENT

WE LIKE THE article, "Concerning A Rumor in August," which appeared in the August 2 issue of *Saturday Review* (SR/Research) because it is a clear and straightforward review of the original report ("The Effects of a Threatening Rumor on a Disaster-Stricken Community," by Elliott R. Danzig, Paul W. Thayer, and Lila R. Galanter). While this may be a gratuitous compliment for the *Saturday Review*, we feel it worthy to note that your reviewer resisted the temptation, so often succumbed to by writers in this field, to editorialize or sensationalize about human behavior in disaster. This field contains serious and complex problems for research and planning which are only obscured by overdramatic reporting.

I would only comment further, for readers interested in the subject of human behavior in disaster, that the study not only deals with the origin and spread of the rumor and with the gross response of the population, as covered in the review, but that it also investigates in some detail the factors which determined whether a person who heard the report left town or whether he stayed.

HARRY B. WILLIAMS
Disaster Research Group
National Academy of Sciences
Washington, D. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The full report can be obtained from the National Academy of Sciences, 2101 Constitution Avenue, N.W., Washington 25, D. C. Price: $2 a copy.*

GOAL OR GOALEE?

THE ARTICLE entitled "Science and Dishonesty" (*SR*/Research, Aug. 2) was intensely stimulating. How ironic for man to be so capable of explaining the world about him and yet so unable to explain why and how he is capable of doing this.

In order for the scientist to seek truth he has to be emotionally motivated to do so and yet this very pursuit can distort his conception of it, especially when it concerns himself. The very goal itself can limit if not prevent its own attainment for the scientist has already handicapped himself by his very commitment to one certain goal.

The mystery of the universe is not after all the universe but the mind that so desperately wants to understand it.

LORNE H. WARD.
Azusa, Calif.

CAP(TION)SIZED BUT AFLOAT

I ENJOYED READING your section (SR/Research) on Oceanography in the issue of July 5, 1958, but I feel that there was a substantial omission in the story. The unfamiliar reader might not be blamed for thinking that all significant oceanographic investigations in this country are being conducted at Scripps and Woods Hole. This, as I am sure you know, is far from the case. Lamont Geological Observatory may be one of the younger institutions, but its work deserves more recognition than the one line reference in Mr. Iselin's article.

Unfortunately, this overall impression is further emphasized by errors in the figure caption on page 38. The Physiographic Diagram of the Atlantic Ocean was indeed first published in the Bell System Technical Journal (September, 1957), but the chart was the culmination of a project undertaken by the Lamont Observatory. Most important, Dr. Heezen and Miss Tharp are not employees of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, but members of the staff at Lamont Observatory.

H. NELSON UPTHEGROVE.
Murray Hill, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Thanks to reader Upthegrove for correcting our blooper on Dr. Heezen and Miss Tharp. But we would not have him believe that we are neglectful of Lamont's work. The Science Editor invited a contribution from Lamont to the Oceanography issue, could not obtain one before our deadline.*

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COMING TO TERMS WITH THE COSMOS

Man Must Grow to Reach the Stars

—*Harvard Observatory.*

As our sky deepens, human yearnings may be reflected in new star shapes. In photo above is today's Southern Cross.

Editor's Note: *Though man has failed in his first attempt to send a rocket around the Moon, he has at least begun to try. Given the past, the future seems clear: He will continue to try until he reaches not only the Moon but Earth's sister planets of the Sun and then the planets of other stars. When he succeeds he will be confronted with a question more momentous to his own ego than any other question he has ever faced: Are other beings like him living in the distant sky? Most astronomers say "Yes." Most other people haven't thought about it seriously. It is time they did. For them, Prof. Harlow Shapley has written a wise and witty primer: "Of Stars and Men" (Beacon Press, $3.50), excerpted below.*

By HARLOW SHAPLEY

THE goal of this writing is to present some information and ideas, new and old, bearing on the position of mankind in the universe of physics and sensation. It is an essay on orientation.

To postpone a possible depression about our role or function in the stellar universe, and to evade for a time the heavier implications of man's physical position, we could first emphasize the good features of life under the present constellations. We might introduce this essay in an optimistic vein, since later there will be time and need for a more somber look.

It is a good world for many of us. Nature is reasonably benign, and good will is a common human trait. There is widespread beauty, pleasing symmetry, collaboration, lawfulness, progress—all of them qualities that appeal to man-the-thinker if not always to man-the-animal. When not oppressed by hunger or cold or man-made indignities, we are inclined to contentment. . . .

But rather than a lighthearted and somewhat evasive view of our situation and responsibilities, it would be more in keeping with what lies ahead to adopt from the beginning the attitude of mature inquirers, and confront the cosmic facts squarely and fully: small but magnificent man face to face with enormous and magnificent universe.

For the sake of simplicity, we are tempted to put all the world of physics and perhaps all the biological world into the framework of four properties. They are, of course, space, time, matter, and energy. May there be others, perhaps some of even superior importance? In particular, is there one other property of the material world that is essential to make the universe go? To put the question in personal terms: If you were given the four basic entities and full power, opportunity, and desire, could you construct a universe like this one out of space, time, matter, and energy? Or would you require a fifth entity?

We seem to belabor this mystical fifth entity. That it exists, we can hardly doubt. Is it a master entity, perhaps more basic than space and matter and possibly including them—something quite unlike the four named above? Is it indispensable?

Some readers may be thinking of the word and concept God, but we should not be hasty in such a deep and critical matter. Let us not use up that important and comprehensive concept for only a part of the universe, or for something already comprehensible to primitive us.

An elementary reason for a reconsideration of mankind as a world factor lies in the recognition in recent years of the "displacement" of the Sun, Earth, and other planets from a central place, or even a significant place, in the sidereal universe—in the placing of the observer in a very undistinguished location in a faint spiral arm of an ordinary galaxy.

This reason is elementary but momentous, for it concerns the replacement of the earlier *geocentric* and *heliocentric* theories of the universe by the *eccentric* arrangement that now we all accept. By this move we have made a long forward step in cosmic adjustment—a step that is unquestionably irreversible. We must get used to the fact that we are peripheral, that we move along with our star, the Sun, in the outer part of a galaxy that is one among billions of star-rich galaxies.

Man may be something very special, something superior. He may be. I hope he is. But certainly it is not in his location in space, or in his times; not in his energy content or chemical composition. He is not at all outstanding in the four basic material entities—space, time, matter, energy. Nothing unique and worthy of boast in his size, activity, composition, or his epoch in cosmic chronology. He is of course an intricate and interesting phenomenon, but we should get sentimental about him with restraint.

There should be, however, nothing very humiliating about our material

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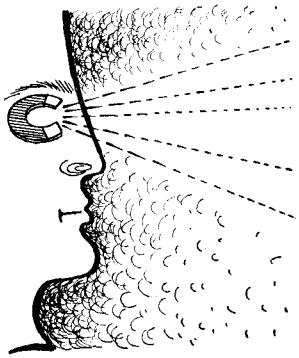
inconsequentiality. Are we debased by the greater speed of the sparrow, the larger size of the hippopotamus, the keener hearing of the dog, the finer detectors of odor possessed by insects? We can easily get adjusted to all of these evidences of our inferiority and maintain a feeling of importance and well-being. We should also take the stars in our stride.

Provided as we are with new and basic data on the nature of the universe, we moderns could and should now interpret the world in a way more circumstantial and rational than it could be interpreted by Moses, or Lucretius, or Spinoza, or Locke, or Pascal, whose cosmologies were geocentric or heliocentric and limited. We have gone far, very far, in the accumulation of verifiable facts. There will be, if we remain civilized, no return. We must henceforth live with our scientific acquisitions. No amount of skepticism about details, no sweeping denials of observation, no distortion of the recent revelations of science can erase the intellectual progress. Wishing will not revive the dear, dead hypotheses.

The prophets of ancient Israel gloried at times in the magnificence of the universe, which of course, in their time, was centered on man. Those days, however, were scientifically very early and chronologically perhaps more than a third of the way back to the beginning of human cultures. What the inquiring mind has since uncovered would have been incredible if revealed to the ancient prophets. Their vision was, we now see, myopic. Reverence then had to be supported with imaginings and superstition. To be reverent now, we have no need of superstitional aid. Deeper thoughts will surely come, wider spread of the senses, fuller appreciation of the functioning of the human brain, higher ambitions for men participating in the greatest operation of nature—an operation of cosmic dimensions that might simply be called Growth.



Will the future growth of man equip him with magnetic sight?

We should turn our attention to the possible existence and general spread of protoplasm throughout stellar spaces and cosmic times. We can no longer be content with the hypothesis that living organisms are of this Earth only. But before we ponder on the life spread, we should inquire into the prevalence of suitable sites for biological operations. The initial question is not whether such sites are presently inhabited. First we ask: Are there other habitable celestial bodies—bodies that would be hospitable if life were there?

It will clarify the discussion if we start with two routine reminders: (1) by life we mean what here we terrestrials recognize as life—a biochemical operation involving carbon and nitrogen and making use of water in the liquid state (other kinds are imaginable; e.g., one where silicon replaces carbon, or where sulphur's participation is like that of oxygen. Such is imaginable, but unlikely); and (2) Mars and Venus are therefore the only other planets of our solar system that are at all suitable for living organisms. The evidences are good that Martian life is low and lichen-like, if it exists at all, and the surface of Venus is an unsolved problem, with the odds against living organisms because of the lethal chemistry of the atmosphere.

LIFE as we know it on the earth has wide adaptability; but there are limits, and one of them is the heat and radiation near a star's surface, where the molecules constituting protoplasm would be dissociated.

In our consideration of the spread of life throughout the universe, we must therefore immediately drop all thoughts of living organisms on the trillions of radiant stars, on meteors or on comets. We are therefore left with the planets neither too near their stars nor so remote from them that the cold is unrelieved. They should not be too small to hold an oxygen atmosphere, must have salutary waters, agreeable rocky crusts and orbits of low eccentricity. Highly eccentric orbits would bring their planets too near the star and then too far out. The resulting temperature oscillations would be too much for comfort, perhaps even too much for the origins and persistence of early life.

We must always remember that our Sun is a very ordinary sort of star. One hundred thousand of the brightest million stars are essentially identical with the Sun. Let us suppose that only one star in a thousand has a planetary system. Personally I would think that one in fifty would be a better estimate. But to be conservative, we say that only one out of a thousand stars has a planetary system, and then assume that but one out of a thousand of those stars with systems of planets has one or more planets at the right distance from the star to provide the water and warmth that protoplasm requires. (In our solar system we have two or three planets in such an interval of distance.) Further let us suppose that only one out of a thousand of those stars with planets suitably distant has one planet large enough to hold an atmosphere. (In our system we have at least seven planets out of nine with atmospheres.) That will reduce our suitable planets to a one in a billion chance. Then let us make one other requirement of our suitable planet: The chemical composition of air and water must be of the sort that would develop the naturally arising complex inorganic molecules into the organic. Perhaps that happens but once in a thousand times?

Earth's own biology makes credible trees that move in other worlds.

Assembling all four of the one-to-a-thousand chances (we are making it as hard as possible to find other habitable planets), we come to one star out of a million million. Where does that high improbability of proper planets leave us? We get a hundred million planetary systems suitable for organic life. This number is a minimum, and personally I would recommend its multiplication by at least a thousand times, possibly by a million times.

Exactly where these other life-bearing planets are we cannot now say; perhaps we never can, lost as they are in the glare of their stars, isolated as we are in space, and equipped with sounding apparatus that is still, we hope, primitive. Nor can we say what kind of organisms inhabit these other worlds. Are they people like us? Are they only plants, animals, and the simpler of noncellular organisms (protista)? Or are there perhaps other highly developed animate kingdoms, neither plants nor animals, nor in between?

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If a mature tree would at times pull up its roots and stroll away to a more nutritious locality, or if an animal should give up its mobility at times, put down roots and feed itself through the soil and the material provided by photosynthesis, we would be astonished. But stranger operations are already known to occur in the lower life of the earth's biology. Chlorophyll, carotin, and xanthophyll may not be the only means of capturing the sun's radiant energy. Our yellow star radiates the wave lengths that we have grown to need. Redder and bluer suns would generate and cooperate with life forms that prosper in radiation emanating from redder and bluer sections of the spectrum. Their chemical energy converters may not even resemble our chlorophyll.

Although the life on what we shall call Planet X, an unidentified high-life planet, is a matter for loose conjecture, we should naturally expect it to resemble in many ways some of the myriad life forms on the earth. A mixture of pure chemical elements will always under the same physical conditions produce the same result, whether it be an odor, an explosion, a color. Perhaps we should expect that a mixture of starshine, water, carbon, nitrogen, and other atoms, when physical conditions are fairly similar, will everywhere produce animals that are much alike in structure and operation and plants that have certain standard behaviors, notwithstanding great morphological differences. If we should visit a planet essentially identical with ours in mass, temperature, age, and structure, we would probably not find the biology queer beyond comprehension. We might find it no more peculiar than we would find the biology if we were transported on our own planet into Carboniferous times, or taken back just 150,000,000 years when the great lizards ruled the land and sea, and the birds, mammals, and flowering plants were not yet far developed.

Judged by current standards, the early philosophical and theological contemplators of the origin of life were not very successful in convincing themselves or others. A century ago, using biblical argument and metaphysical vocabularies, they fought wordy battles against the biologists, who resorted to observations—to those lances that so easily penetrate the fondly held theological shields. The biologists in fact changed the problem from the misty mystery of the origin of self-conscious man to the clean-cut general question of the origin and nature of all life, of monkeys and mice, of algae and oaks, of everything that crawls, flies, swims, breathes, and metabolizes. As supernaturalism retreated a bit, many scientists overcorrected, unfortunately, and embraced a sterile God-excluding mechanistic philosophy.

WHAT should be the rational response of man to his current acquaintance with these matters?

What does our new knowledge mean with respect to the prevalent religious teachings?

If care is taken to cope with the natural regressions that often ensue from static conformity, we shall continue to evolve with the rotating of the planets and the radiating of the suns. We grow naturally with the passage of time, as do the animals and plants. They also make the effort, through adjustments and improvements, to survive and grow. The tempo of their evolution, however, is often even slower than ours.

But we can consciously speed the development. It is not growth in size, or strength, or longevity, but growth primarily in the qualities that we associate with mind, a development that includes those fine indefinables—heart and spirit. And therein lies the nucleus of our cosmic ethic. The evidence clearly shows that we have the potentiality not only of conforming to the cosmic theme of Growth, but we can perhaps elaborate or revise some of the natural rules. Indeed, each day can and should compete with all the yesterdays of the species.

We have by implication suggested that the Omnipotence (shall we say Nature?) which looks after us has very much else to do. But before we turn to such contemplations, I should like to comment on the tools of comprehension.

The most important aid to the human mind in the understanding of the universe, both the microcosmos and the macrocosmos, is the electromagnetic spectrum, as currently exploited. The major part of our knowledge of the universe has in the past come through information provided by one sense organ alone—that of vision. Our eyes are, however, sensitive only in a small segment of the long radiation spectrum—they are sensitive from the violet to the red—much less than two octaves. But with a suddenness unequaled in the development by artifice of sense-organ spread, we have now learned to explore Nature with radiations extending over a range of more than fifty octaves, a range from the cosmic rays of less than a billionth of an inch in wave length, through gamma rays, X-rays, and the ultraviolet, up to the blue-to-red radiation our eyes record; and then from red to heat waves to radio and on to electric wave lengths measured in miles. We know and measure and use these off-color radiations not directly with the retinas of our eyes, as we do with light, but with artifacts, with the retinas, we might say,

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MAN IS BORN WITH AN URGE TO EXPLORE. The instinct is as basic as the sex and hunger drives uncovered by Freud. In our issue of July 1957, Dr. Robert W. White, Chairman of the Department of Social Relations at Harvard University, analyzed the implications of this neglected reality in relation to the pending invasion of interplanetary space. "I shall not be surprised," he wrote, "if, in the course of exploring the upper reaches of the atmosphere, we clear the air of our remaining delusions about our own behavior." Some of those delusions are very deep seated—so deep as to underpin whole philosophies of life. And many thoughtful men of science are concerned about the clash they see coming between such philosophies and the true facts of the cosmos. Dr. Harlow Shapley, Paine Professor of Astronomy at Harvard, has put his deliberations on the subject between the covers of a book, which Beacon Press has published under the title, "Of Stars and Men."

—*Wide World.*
Harlow Shapley

If anyone is qualified to talk the language of the cosmos, he is Harlow Shapley. The far reaches of the universe have been the walls of his study since his undergraduate days at the University of Missouri. All he has ever done is to move his desk chair—from Missouri to Princeton to Mt. Wilson and finally to Cambridge as director of the Harvard College Observatory in 1921. At Harvard he has interspersed classification of stellar spectra and cataloging of galaxies with research and teaching, lecture tours, and trips around the globe to collect honorary degrees from fifteen universities. Having retired as the Harvard director in 1952, he puts most of his energy now into a special course he teaches in cosmography. Astronomy students, Shapley thinks, must begin to study all the sciences from a cosmic point of view. For that matter, so must all of us.

—ROBERTA SILMAN.

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The eyes and other sense organs arose naturally to serve animals in the practical problems of existence, not for use in profound researches into the nature and operations of the universe. Practical existence had not until recently included the thirst for "impractical" knowledge.

It happens that the range of human vision from violet to red covers that part of the radiation spectrum where the Sun's light is most intense. In fact, there is not much solar intensity in the short waves of X-rays or the long waves of radio.

If there are animals with vision on a planet near a hotter, bluer star than the Sun, for instance Rigel in Orion, they probably are more sensitive than we are to light in the bluer section of the spectrum; and near a cooler, redder star, like Betelgeuse, more sensitive to reddish light.

A FACT worth emphasizing at this point is that man is blind except to a narrow range in the electromagnetic spectrum. To feed himself, to dodge or overcome his enemies, and to find his mate, he has had little need of the solar radiation with wave lengths like those that activate our radios; and since the atmosphere, as it has developed on the Earth, has through its ozone blockage shut off the ultraviolet, he, as an animal, has also had no practical need for the short-wave end of the spectrum.

As an organism ambitious to know, and know deeply, he is rather primitive in his senses, if not in sense. (Our primitivism in body anatomy is, of course, generally recognized.) Every human sense receptor, except possibly that concerned in tone discrimination, is outdone by the corresponding receptor of one animal or another—by the hawk's vision, the dog's hearing, the insect's smelling. Some stars have enormously strong magnetic fields; ours a weak one, and we have no recognized sense receptor whatever for magnetism.

But these sensory limitations, and the resulting failure to comprehend fully much of Nature, may be only a local deficiency. On the basis of the new estimates of the great abundance of stars and the high probability of millions of planets with highly developed life, we are made aware—embarrassingly aware—that we may be intellectual minims in the life of the universe. I could develop further this uncomfortable idea by pointing out that sense receptors, in quality quite unknown to us and in fact hardly imaginable, which record phenomena of which we are totally ignorant, may easily exist among the higher sentient organisms of other planets.

Sometimes we suspect the existence on this planet of senses other than those we recognize in ourselves, among animal and plant forms—not merely extended ranges of hearing or of vision or smell, but entirely different responses. The bees and ants respond, as we do not, to polarized light; the birds in migration—to what? And there are those among us who dream of vestigial or embryonic senses hovering about the human psyche.

Rather than dwell on these probabilities, let us note simply that anthropocentric religions and philosophies, which have so often been conspicuously Earth-bound and much tangled up with the human mind and human behavior, have in these present days an opportunity for aggrandizement through incorporating a sensibility of the newly revealed cosmos. If the theologian finds it difficult to take seriously our insistence that the God of humanity is the God of gravitation and the God of hydrogen atoms, at least he may be willing to consider the reasonableness of extending to the higher sentient beings that have evolved elsewhere among the myriads of galaxies the same intellectual or spiritual rating he gives to us.

You may say that these are but speculations, insecurely founded, and that you choose to believe and reason and worship otherwise. And I must reply that you should follow your inclination. But you are invited to think seriously of the cosmic facts. The new discoveries and developments contribute to the unfolding of a magnificent universe; to be a participant is in itself a glory. With our confreres on distant planets; with our fellow animals and plants of land, air, and sea; with the rocks and waters of all planetary crusts, and the photons and atoms that make up the stars—with all these we are associated in an existence and an evolution that inspires respect and deep reverence. We cannot escape humility. And as groping philosophers and scientists we are thankful for the mysteries that still lie beyond our grasp.

THERE are those who would call this attitude their philosophy, their religion. They would be loath, I hope, to retreat from the galaxies to the earth; unwilling to come out of the cosmic depths and durations to concern themselves only with one organic form on the crust of one small planet, near a commonplace star, at the edge of one of the galaxies. They would hesitate to retreat to that one isolated spot in their search for the Ultimate. May their kind increase and prosper!

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SCIENCE IN BOOKS

HOW DARWIN WAS SCOOPED

A Science Writer Really Sold Evolution to the People

THE major tenet of Darwinian evolution, the struggle for existence, is an old principle. For it to be comprehended as a leading factor in organic change, other assumptions are necessary. Among these, variation which is capable of indefinite extension beyond specific and generic bounds is paramount. Plenty of people, from the time of conscious improvement of domestic stocks, understood the value of artificial selection but few had attempted to apply that principle to wild nature. Fewer still had glimpsed that mutability over long time periods might cause the slow disappearance of one fauna and the rise of another genetically related to but continuing to diverge from the first. . . .

There remain a few, however, who wrote before Darwin published. One of these was . . . the author of *The Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation* published anonymously in 1844. . . . Robert Chambers . . . as part owner of a successful publishing house, had to remain anonymous in order to protect the business interests of himself and his brother William. This is a measure of the damage which threatened a man who transgressed established views in the first half of the century. . . .

Chambers had hoped for a scientific hearing. Two hundred copies of the first edition were distributed to prominent scientists in the attempt to arouse interest. But he was promptly shouted down. Thomas Huxley, who was later to become Darwin's chief defender, attacked the book with the utmost savagery. . . . None of Huxley's reviews of anti-Darwinian opponents equals the ferocity of this onslaught upon the *Vestiges*. . . .

The scientists as well as the theologians, however, overdid their case. The disputatious and vindictive storm they aroused made evolution public property. The increasing growth of literacy among the working classes was contributing to a widespread interest in the new ideas of science. While the critics fulminated, the public, in which Chambers had placed little faith, read his book with eagerness and enthusiasm. Four editions appeared in seven months and by 1860 some 24,000 copies had been sold.

Chambers . . . was not a trained scientist but a philosophically minded journalist who had become convinced of the reality of both cosmic and organic evolution. . . . The essentials of his position are as follows: (1) He adopted from the progressionist philosophy the idea that there is an advance in the complexity of life as one traces it upward though the sedimentary rocks of the planet. (2) He rejected with the Huttonian geologists the idea of total breaks in stratigraphy and recognized that certain forms appeared to extend from one era to the next. "Time," he said, "and a succession of forms in gradation and affinity, become elements in the idea of organic creation. . . .

It is only fair to recognize at this point something which, except for the observations of Professor Lovejoy, has rarely been clearly assigned to Robert Chambers. It is this: He actually . . . came up with the idea that organic as well as cosmic evolution was a reality. . . .

Although Chambers was perfectly aware, like so many before him, of struggle in nature, he seems to have retained the eighteenth century teleological conception that it was a method of keeping the forms of life in proper balance. Carnivores were a necessary policing accompaniment "to the weaker tribes, the fertility of which would otherwise produce complete anarchy." Like Lamarck he saw two principles at work, an inner "gestative" or internal developmental principle which brought about according to divine plan the greater advances in organization, and a second "variative power connected with the will and . . . working to minor effects." The *Vestiges* retains also elements of geological prophecy. "It might have been seen, ere man existed," commented Chambers, "that a remarkable creature was coming. . . ."

The weakness of the *Vestiges* lay in the inability of its author to produce a *vera causae* for evolution outside the metaphysical field of final cause. He is, in detail, occasionally ambiguous and uncertain as to the precise method of emergence of new forms. Nevertheless, . . . he had made out a very impressive case for the reality of evolution, irrespective of the precise nature of the process. He recognized unity of structure, the significance of the fossil record and its genuine continuity. He was intensely, even exaggeratedly, aware of variation. Pathetically he had personal reasons for this knowledge. Both he and his brother William Chambers had been born full hexadactyls, that is, with six digits on both hands and feet.

The attacks which the scientific world launched upon the *Vestiges* have, in retrospect, a quite unreal character. They belabor minutiae and amateurish minor errors as though there was some subconscious recognition that the heart of the thesis was unassailable. This attitude is revealed in the letter of an educator to William Whewell in 1846. "You have read," writes this principal of an English school, "the sequel to the *Vestiges*. . . . It was well that he (Chambers) began to write in the fullness of his ignorance and presumption for, had he begun now, he would have been more dangerous."

THE principal was wrong on just one point. The work was destined to become more dangerous, not less so. With its publication and success as a best seller, the world of fashion discovered evolution. The restricted professional worlds of science and of theology both lost their ability to suppress or intimidate public thinking upon the matter. The cause lay partly in the very anonymity of the author. . . . Speculation as to the name of the author was widespread. As is always apt to occur under such circumstances, names higher and higher in the ranks of society began to be mentioned. Finally it was whispered about that Prince Albert, Victoria's consort, who was known to be interested in science, had written the volume. People who might never have read the book otherwise now did so. . . .

By 1859, when the *Origin of Species* was published, an aroused and eager audience was considerably prepared for the revelations of Charles Darwin. The great amateur disputant and the great professional scholar should always be remembered as having together won the public mind to evolution. It was one of those events, beautifully timed by accident, which rarely occurs in the history of thought.

—LOREN EISELEY
in "Darwin's Century"
(Doubleday, $5)

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XXX

BOSWELL OF THE MICROBES: DR. SELMAN A. WAKSMAN

Writing Medical History Even While He Made It, This Nobel Laureate Cured Sick Millions With Wonders from the Good Earth

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

THE janitor at the Institute of Microbiology of Rutgers University will be a lonely man in the early mornings beginning this month of September. No one will be here to unlock the door for him when he comes to work. The short, roly-poly, mustachioed fellow who performed that service in years past has retired.

Getting the building's keeper into the building without a fumble over keys in the halflight was only one of many self-imposed chores of the departed door-opener. He also saw to it that heel-squashed cigaret butts did not linger long on the corridor floors, that whoever on the staff was supposed to complete an assignment by a given time actually finished the job by then, that no one in the place ever lacked money for truly promising research on the microbes, and that the Institute itself would survive his withdrawal as robustly as it had existed since he raked in the millions to house it in a cupolaed classic of Colonial architecture in 1954.

This ubiquitous missing person is the unpretentious human who lives behind the lofty name: Dr. Selman A. Waksman. Founder and first director of the only establishment of its kind in the world, known to physicians everywhere as the Father of Antibiotics, he won the Nobel Prize in medicine in 1952 for years of rummaging through manure piles, compost heaps, and ordinary backyard garden dirt to find the microbes which ultimately manufactured *streptomycin* for man.

Though he clearly belongs to the intellectuals, Selman (a corruption of the ancient name Solomon) Waksman enjoys the exceptional corollary of a practical bent. It came down in his genes from his grandmother, who kept her commission agent's accounts in chalk marks on the back of a closet door. It explains why he is the best known living practitioner of serendipity, the art of being prepared to exploit the unexpected.

The preparation began unconsciously on the Russian steppe near Kiev, where Selman Waksman was born seventy years ago in the tiny market town of Novaia-Priluka. No matter in which direction he looked as a growing boy, his gaze crossed an endless sea of barley, oats, and wheat. Beneath the waves of grain lay the *tchernozem*—the fabulously rich black soil of the Ukraine. The *tchernozem* had a pungent smell when the plows overturned it, and to smell that smell little Selman would run after the plowmen in the furrows and pick up handfuls of dirt to sniff and wonder.

As the son of Jewish merchants, he heard from the Rabbis the words of Ecclesiasticus: "The Lord created medicines out of the earth, and he that is wise will not abhor them." As the son of a doting mother, he was impressed with his obligation to respect and seek knowledge. She provided him with tutors and sent him to the Gymnasium at Odessa to learn the chemistry of living bodies. On her sudden death, he fled to America in 1910 with $40 in his pockets to escape the loneliness. And here in New Jersey, at the Agricultural Experiment Station of Rutgers College—guided by the sheltering wisdom of an earlier Jewish emigre from Russia, Dr. Jacob G. Lipman—he dug trenches hip-deep in the fields (one in clay, one in loam, one in sand) and in them carried on a comprehensive census that Dr. Lipman had begun in 1901 of microbes that keep the earth fruitful.

Among this hidden population he found an astonishing number of organisms that acted like bacteria but looked like fungi. These were the actinomyces and their numbers grew as he dug deeper into the soil. For sixteen years he watched their comings and goings, chronicling how they lived with the bacteria, the fungi, and the protozoa. At last he put the saga of them all into one enormous book, "Principles of Soil Microbiology" (Williams and Wilkins, 897 pages), which quickly became the Bible of agricultural science. There, in a single volume, was the ultimate story of life and death. As he wrote later: "One can visualize no form of higher life, either that of man or animals, without the existence of microbes."

In 1932, the same year that the second edition of the microbiological Bible appeared, there were begun in his laboratory experiments which demonstrated conclusively that tuberculosis germs do not live long after they are buried in the ground. What must have killed them is obvious to anyone who thinks about it in the hindsight of today. Yet the Waksman mind was fixed so purposefully on understanding ever-deepening mysteries of the teeming life beneath his feet that his experiences did not congregate upon him and cry out, "Eureka!" Not once did it occur to him that his beloved microbes, the workers within the *tchernozem* that gave the Ukrainian soil its invigorating smell, might be one of those medicines of the Lord that Ecclesiasticus long ago had exhorted his people to raise up and employ in human healing.

EVEN when one of his favorite students (René Dubos, who had gone from Rutgers to the Rockefeller Institute with his warmest blessing) discovered in the soil a microbe that manufactured enzymes capable of dissolving the waxy coat of the pneumonia germ, Dr. Waksman was not diverted to the immediate, almost miraculous, potentialities of his own lifework. He did urge a Philadelphia drug house to look into the future profit prospects of made-by-microbe enzymes. But the thought of antibiotic medicine did not strike until Dubos proved seven years later that *tyrothricin*, a potion the microbes concocted, could kill pneumonia germs in the living bodies of animals. From that moment onward, Selman Waksman poured thirty years of patiently accumulated learning between the lines of chemical formulae on his laboratory blackboard and wrote at furious pace an entirely new chapter in the history of man against disease.

Every experiment in the lab (it was then the new Rutgers Department of Microbiology) was turned around and

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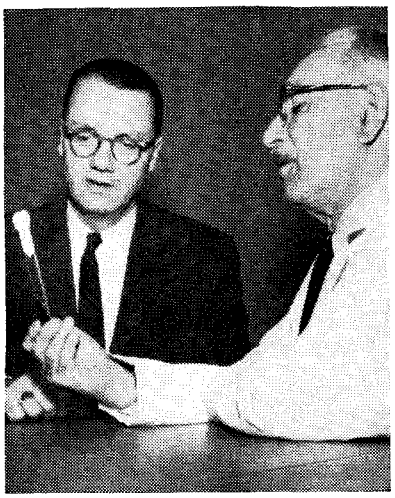

—F. J. Higgins.

Dr. Selman A. Waksman, (right), with successor Lampen.

pointed toward the same objective. Every person in the place was put on the one job. A student who couldn't see the forest for the trees complained, "I didn't learn any microbiology at all; all I learned was antibiotics." The lab staff was jumped from seven to fifty as the pace stepped up. One hundred thousand different batches of microbes thought to be friendly to man were grown and pitted against microbes known to be hostile. Ten thousand guinea pigs gave their lives in the great hunt at Merck and Company, which had foresightedly offered its huge facilities in return for exclusive patent rights on any consequent new medicine.

Again and again the now famous Russian immigrant found himself recrossing familiar ground. The first promising plague-fighter he dug up, the pyocyaneous organism, had been proved potent forty years before. Like Dubos's *tyrothricin*, its brew was too poisonous for man. The second combatant was one of the actinomyces, and Dr. Waksman in 1940 called its drug *actinomycin*. That, too, was poisonous, though it has since been tried as a treatment for a stubborn cancer: Hodgkins disease. *Clavacin* followed in 1941—another poison. Then came *streptothricin*, which at first looked like a sure rival of *penicillin* (rediscovered in 1940); but it developed a delayed toxicity. By that time (1942) the Waksman word "antibiotic" was already a year old and he was planting TB germs in the soil to bring out their natural killers. The safe antibiotic that finally emerged in 1943 was the handiwork of a microbe Dr. Waksman had identified twenty-eight years earlier. This drug was *streptomycin*.

Within the next decade, 10,000 scientific papers and twenty books were written about this wondrous new medicine. Fifty million dollars worth of *streptomycin* was being manufactured every year. The Research and Endowment Foundation that Rutgers had created to receive the royalties from Merck was long since embarrassed by the money that poured in, and Merck was asked to give up its exclusive patent rights for the public good. The firm complied, in one of the most generous gestures in medical annals, and the making of the magical stuff was given over to eight drug houses in the United States, three in France, two in England, four in Japan, one in Sweden, and one in Italy. The Rutgers trustees decided in 1946 that it would be only fair to Dr. Waksman for him to receive a fifth of the royalties. A student who had taken part in the *streptomycin* hunt and had been co-author of the actual discovery report decided at that point that he (the student) deserved a cut of the profits, and went to court to get it. The suit was settled amicably by Dr. Waksman's offer to split his royalties fifty-fifty with all twenty-six of the students who had worked on the antibiotics project. But a dark cloud of unhappiness persisted over the lab chief's head until 1952, when his name was cleared by the Nobel Prize for Medicine and Physiology.

TODAY the antibiotic family that Dr. Waksman fathered accounts for one in every three prescriptions filled at America's drugstore counters. The total sale runs close to $1.1 billions a year. Thirty different drugs are in circulation, commercially and experimentally; twenty-five of them are made by the microbes he first brought to serious scientific attention: the actinomyces. Thanks to their efficacy, such former terrors to man as typhus, typhoid, tularemia, dysentery, and plague are now diseases to be fought with hope and confidence. The royalties on Dr. Waksman's own two discoveries, *streptomycin* and *neomycin*, alone have piled up $8 millions, $3.5 millions of which went into the building of the Microbiological Institute at Rutgers and $250,000 more of which go into the annual running of the place.

This four-story replica of a fine old Colonial mansion is one of the handsomest buildings in New Jersey. It houses not only extensive laboratories and library facilities but a sizeable pilot plant for testing pharmaceuticals. Its staff of 100 scientists and supporting workers has become the nucleus of a world-girdling research network whose personnel constantly shifts as visiting fellows arrive from and leave for foreign lands.

Beginning this September 1, a new chief was on hand to guide the Institute: Dr. J. Oliver Lampen, former biochemical research boss for Squibb. He took over while Dr. Waksman was in Europe delivering a series of lectures. Those who had always thought of the Waksman name as a label for exacting discipline were already reminiscing about "the grand old man of Rutgers." They had never lacked respect for his honors (Phi Beta Kappa, National Academy of Sciences, French Academy of Sciences, French Legion of Honor, Society of American Bacteriologists, honorary degrees from Princeton and Israel and Athens and Madrid and Liege), but now they remembered how he had come to work at 7 in the morning (he was proud of his record of welcoming the janitor) and had gone home at night with a bulging briefcase that would account for a few more hours in his study at home. They recalled his disdain for ostentation (the hole in the elbow of the lab coat he wears on the cover of this week's *SR* is typical) and they were glad he would still have an office and two lab benches to work at there when he wanted to. They did not expect that the three-volume study of actinomyces he planned to squeeze from a three-foot shelf of notes would be anywhere near his last book. They were confident that he would continue to heed the summons of fame and roam the earth with his wife "Bobili" (actually Deborah) and that "Bobili" would faithfully go along but wish all the while that she might have a little time of her own to sing. ("Not singing," she has said, "is like losing an organ of your body. Can you understand that?") And they knew that as long as he lived he would never be very far away from the microbes, even if that only meant tending the rosebushes near his front door and getting thorns stuck in his fingers. After all, as he wrote in his autobiography ("My Life with the Microbes," Simon and Schuster, 1954, $5.00):

"Microbes affect man's life in many ways, from the day of his birth to the day of his death, and even thereafter, since they attack and destroy his mortal remains. Microbes are always with us, in our food and our bodies, in our clothing and in our habitation, in the soil under our feet, and in the water we drink and bathe in. They are always ready to help us or to destroy us. Only circumstances decide which it shall be."

The circumstances bundled up in Dr. Waksman himself have affected the lives of millions, not the least being the janitor at the Institute of Microbiology of Rutgers University, who has become a lonely man in the early mornings.

—Roberta Silman and John Lear.

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Monsanto.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Among other directions, toward the creation of life from the lifeless elements. In this adventure a key contribution must come from phosphorus, originally named by the Greeks to mean "I bear light." Chemists first found phosphorus in human urine. Since then, biologists have discovered it to be literally the light of life. Until lately, phosphorus was considered a relatively simple substance. Recent discoveries reveal a versatility rivalling that of carbon. So phosphorus rates a chemistry of its own. One of the pioneers of the new discipline is Dr. John Van Wazer, Assistant Director of Research, Inorganic Chemicals Division, Monsanto Chemical Company, St. Louis, Mo. The text below suggests the contents of a book scheduled for September release by Interscience Publishers, Inc.: Phosphorus and Its Compounds, Volume I (Chemistry), $27.50.*

By JOHN VAN WAZER

(Monsanto Chemical Company)

WHEN chemistry was just emerging from alchemy at the start of the Nineteenth Century, its practitioners arbitrarily divided their discipline into two classes: organic and inorganic. Organic chemistry was understood to deal with the study of substances obtained from living things. Inorganic chemistry dealt with mineral matter, or nonliving things.

The original meaning of "organic" and "inorganic" became lost quite early. But the division of the science into these two major categories has persisted. For the last seventy-five years or more, inorganic chemists have concerned themselves with various forms of all the chemical elements but one. Organic chemists have worked with the one remaining element: carbon.

Carbon chemistry was established as a separate entity because of the tremendous number of compounds that exist in nature or can be made by man with carbon as the key building block. The fleshy part of the human body, for instance, is primarily a complex fabric of compounds of carbon. As a matter of fact, the carbon atom is a major constituent of all living things. Through the process of photosynthesis, plants convert carbon dioxide vapor in the air into vegetative matter which is high in carbon. The common fuels are carbonaceous: wood, coal, oil, gas; and even the stars are kept alight by nuclear reactions involving the transmutation of carbon. The food we eat, the clothes we wear, the writings through which we communicate our thoughts and perpetuate our ideals—all are based on carbon.

Although there are only about four phosphorus atoms to every thousand carbon atoms in living things, life could not exist were it not for phosphorus. Photosynthesis occurs through a large number of steps each involving phosphorus compounds. Likewise, metabolism and all forms of biological energy-transfer processes, such as action of nerves and exotic phenomena like the glow of fireflies and the shock of the electric eel, involve phosphorus. The wellspring of these life processes is the family of chain phosphates; yet the very existence of all but a few scattered members of this chemical family was questioned up to the beginning of this decade.

Until very recently, the phosphorus chemicals were thought to be relatively few and rather simple substances. Now, however, we are beginning to find that phosphorus is like carbon in being capable of endless combination. For example, Thomas Graham, in 1833, was the first to make the glassy metaphosphate which has since been named Graham's salt. Once thought to be a sodium hexametaphosphate having a molecular weight of 612, this salt is now known to contain a broad range of chain and ring phosphates with the average chain having a molecular weight of around 20,000! Graham's salt also contains ring phosphates with as many as fifteen phosphorus plus fifteen oxygen atoms per ring.

We are learning more about the complex forms of phosphorus through a new research phenomenon known as nuclear magnetic resonance. It is based on the fact that nuclei of atoms of the different elements of nature possess a distinctive spin, and that this spin can be identified by magnetism on roughly the same principle that permits a piano-tuner to tell which tone rightly belongs to what key of the instrument. By tuning in to the phosphorus atomic nuclei in various compounds, it is often possible to elucidate the structure of the compounds in a mixture without separating them. It is a way of looking at molecules from the inside out!

Through this simpler and surer method of classification, we have been able to determine that phosphorus compounds run in families, just as carbon compounds do, and that the family affairs are governed by regular rules. We have also come to believe that molecular structures containing phosphorus can be built from "plans" by a process which I call "positional synthesis"—a pre-designing now possible only with compounds of carbon.

Thus far, about the only part of phosphorus chemistry which has been commercially exploited is the phosphate family of compounds. Phosphates are used as water softeners, as leavening agents in baking powders, and as household detergents.

Although it is still too early to predict which of other new phosphorus compounds now being discovered will have practical value and in what field their utility will lie, the fact that a large proportion of the work on the new chemistry of phosphorus is being carried out in industrial laboratories indicates industry's great hopes.

THE elucidation of organic chemistry gave great impetus to the biological sciences and changed medicine from a subordinate art of barbers to a full-fledged branch of engineering. (The term "engineering" is used here in its basic sense of applied science and technology.) As we develop phosphorus chemistry into a full and elegant discipline, we may also unravel the secret of life. Recent experiments by Prof. Harold Urey and others have indicated that organic compounds of biological significance can form through the action of sunlight on dilute mineral solutions such as might have been found in primitive seas; however, the life-giving contributions of the phosphates are missing. Probably the first man to create life in a test tube will be the man who appreciates and has developed a reasonable comprehension of phosphorus chemistry.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1276

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Unsoundness.	70 86 33 137 177 13 35 79 48 29
B. Advance approximations of cost.	2 190 103 42 131 47 157 119 85
C. Former Sicilian peninsula, now the island site of Augusta.	178 107 57 155 46 31 149 3
D. Persons whom "The Spectator" called the "most perverse creatures in the world" (No. 335).	72 181 148 165 15 51
E. Colloquial expression much heard, equivalent to "I approve whatever you do" (4 wds.).	34 106 164 96 186 44 118 143 168 173 184 66 87 36
F. Wash out lightly.	160 91 99 49 133
G. Substance now used to replace silk threads in federal paper money.	8 68 74 32 187
H. Famous Amer. artist in stained glass, etc. (1884-1936).	191 92 134 101 182
I River issuing from SW end of Lake Geneva.	142 114 16 102 138
J. French writer on the democracy of America (19th cent.; after "de").	40 152 111 179 88 145 80 7 127 61 10
K. Grade of human nature which Spencer considered essential to the Republican form of government (2 wds.).	94 20 108 169 123 174 45 189 26 60 18
L. Poetic for the sun (3 wds.).	76 6 30 83 140 100 156 39
M. The zinnia (comp.).	56 176 180 113 172 28 23 137 166 82 75 98 151 62
N. Rude unapproachability.	73 146 153 188 175 90 55 104 52 21
O. Not diminished in amplitude.	4 25 14 159 17 126 50 78
P. Snatches.	11 95 163 64
Q. Smoked ham or bacon.	69 121 167 97 130 110
R. Suburb of Mexico City, site of the old Cortes palace.	171 59 128 71 147 93 136 19
S. Continent of greatest mean height—1,000 feet average (National Geographic Magazine).	63 150 5 24 122 27 65 183 89 12
T. Symbolic.	158 9 1 192 185 125 115 154 170 129
U. Proceeding slowly, secretly.	135 116 81 54 105 117 144 162
V. Object most safely kept (Book of Common Prayer; 4 wds.).	37 84 132 161 112 141 193 124 43 67 120 58
W. Scene of the surrender of the Third Reich, May, 1945.	77 41 109 22 53 38

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 T	2 B	3 C	4 O	5 S	6 L		7 J	8 G		9 T	10 J	11 P		12 S	13 A	14 O
	15 D	16 I	17 O	18 K	19 R		20 K	21 N		22 W	23 M		24 S	25 O	26 K	
27 S	28 M	29 A	30 L		31 C	32 G	33 A		34 E	35 A		36 E	37 V	38 W	39 L	
40 J	41 W	42 B	43 V	44 E		45 K	46 C		47 B	48 A	49 F	50 O	51 D	52 N		53 W
54 U	55 N	56 M		57 C	58 V	59 R	60 K	61 J	62 M		63 S	64 P		65 S	66 E	67 V
68 G		69 Q	70 A	71 R	72 D		73 N	74 G	75 M	76 L	77 W		78 O	79 A	80 J	81 U
82 M	83 L	84 V		85 B	86 A		87 E	88 J	89 S	90 N		91 F	92 H		93 R	94 K
95 P	96 E	97 Q		98 M	99 F	100 L		101 H	102 I	103 B	104 N	105 U	106 E	107 C	108 K	109 W
110 Q	111 J	112 V		113 M	114 I	115 T	116 U		117 U	118 E	119 B	120 V		121 Q	122 S	123 K
	124 V	125 T	126 O	127 J	128 R		129 T	130 Q	131 B	132 V	133 F	134 H	135 U	136 R	137 A	138 I
139 M		140 L	141 V	142 I		143 E	144 U	145 J		146 N	147 R	148 D	149 C	150 S	151 M	
152 J	153 N		154 T	155 C	156 L	157 B		158 T	159 O	160 F	161 V	162 U		163 P	164 E	165 D
166 M	167 Q		168 E	169 K	170 T	171 R	172 M		173 E	174 K		175 N	176 M		177 A	178 C
179 J	180 M	181 D	182 H	183 S	184 E	185 T		186 E	187 G		188 N	189 K	190 B	191 H	192 T	193 V

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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